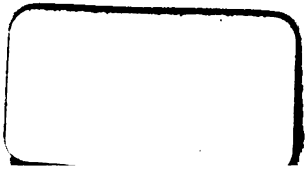

1913

GRANT DUFF

Grant Duff

A.N

NOTES FROM A DIARY

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Notes from a Diary

1889-1891

BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1901

1890

July

1. Mrs. Algernon Grosvenor, Mrs. Ivo Bligh, and Miss Winifred Sandbach, dined with us. Another of our guests was the Bishop of Peterborough.[1] We talked of Mansel, and he told me an excellent saying of the witty Dean which I had not heard. Somebody, horrified at a large statue of Neptune on a monument, said: "That has nothing to do with Christianity!" "Tridentine Christianity!" was the reply.

He spoke, likewise, a good deal about Lord Overstone's enormous store of anecdotes. Amongst other strange things which the old man was in the habit of recounting was, that he had seen Peel in tears about the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke of Wellington in tears about Peel. Another of our subjects to-night was the Metaphysical Society. The Bishop said that the two men whose metaphysical powers had struck him most at our meetings were Dalgairns and Martineau.

[1] Dr. Magee.

Conversation found its way to strange telegrams, and the Bishop mentioned that when he was a member of the Lords Committee on Intemperance, of which the Duke of Westminster was Chairman, he had received the following:—

"Mr. Westminster—To Duke of Peterborough—Please send directly your demnition Permissive Clause."

Mr. Spencer Portal, who was also dining with us, told me that a schoolmistress had sent a telegram to tell the anxious friends of some of her pupils that they had reached their destination safely. It came to hand in this form: "Young ladies arrived all tight!"

4. M. de Franqueville, Mr. Webster, of Edgehill, and others, breakfasted with me. Mr. Howorth told us that in making some researches with reference to a right of way, Mr. Elton had unearthed two documents; one showed that the Queen of Henry VII. had passed along the road in dispute to pray at a well sacred to St. Anne. The result of her prayers at this spot was supposed to have been the birth of Henry VIII. The other document was a sermon of Latimer's, in the course of which he asked, what could be the worth of a shrine, devotions at which had brought about the production of such a monster.

George Boyle mentioned that the late Bishop of Durham had dug up at Bishop Auckland a stone on which there was

the following inscription, dating from the days of his famous predecessor, the author of the analogy:—

"Josephus Episcopus fecit Anno Dom. MDCCLII."

Lightfoot added these words:—

"Hoc magni antecessoris monumentum,
In corte ex ruderibus erutum,
Hic inserendum curavit,
Cognominis alter Episcopus.
A.D. MDCCCLXXXI."

5. The Breakfast Club met at Lyall's. Hübner was there as a guest. Herschell, Arthur Russell, Aberdare, F. Leveson Gower, Courtney and Trevelyan attended. I sat next the last-mentioned and talked chiefly to him; the conversation having been less general than it often is. I praised Jebb's excellent speech at the Geographical dinner of the 3rd. That led to conversation about Greek composition, and Trevelyan said that the most successful piece of it he had ever known was a translation made at Harrow by Mr. Cecil Munro of Tennyson's *Ulysses* into Odyssean hexameters.

7. Dined with the Literary Society. The Dean of Westminster, who sat on my right, described a very memorable walk which he had taken, as a young man, in the Grasmere district, with Dr. Arnold, Matthew Arnold, Faber and Wordsworth for companions.

Trevelyan told me that he had once written a Latin epigram on Hübner's reception at the Tuileries on 1st

January 1859. This he promised to send me, and I repeated to him in return the true version of that affair, which is recorded on an earlier page of these Notes. We talked of Bowen's translation of *Crossing the Bar*, and the Dean said that he thought that the vague feeling of Tennyson's poem could best be given by turning it into a Greek Choric metre.

That led Coleridge to ask the Dean whether Greek choruses brought to his ear any feeling of rhythm? He answered that some did; whereupon Coleridge asked whether the famous chorus in the *Œdipus Coloneus* did? "No," he said, "not so much as some others."

I remarked on the frightful difficulty of learning Pindar by heart, and Coleridge told us that Lord Westbury was in the habit of attributing all his success in life to his having attracted the attention of the then Principal of Brasenose by construing very successfully a passage from Pindar in the schools at Oxford.

Coleridge mentioned to me that he had discovered that an epitaph,[1] which he and I both believed to have been written against our *quondam* colleague—now Lord Sherbrooke—and which that statesman translated into Latin, was really something like 150 years old.

Who was it who repeated this evening an excellent

[1] "Robertus humilis hic jacet
Qui nobis mortuus valde placet," etc., etc.

definition of a reredos?—"A thing that puts people's backs up!"

10. Walked with Reay in the Park. He told me that Gladstone had said to him that he had once asked Sir Henry Taylor what he thought of Lord Grey. "He took a nip of a subject," was his answer, "not a grasp of it."

11. Dined with Sir Whittaker and Lady Ellis at Richmond, meeting the Duke and Duchess of Teck, their son Francis, Lady Bective with a very pretty daughter, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and various other people.

After dinner the river was illuminated, and there was a most successful exhibition of fireworks. The diluvial rain we have been having of late ceased for a time, and if the temperature had been higher, "we might really have thought ourselves," as Lady Jersey said to me, "at Hyderabad."

Dined at Grillion's. Lecky was in the chair, with Lord Derby on his right, Lord Kimberley and F. Leveson Gower on his left. Robert Meade was opposite Lord Derby; I was opposite Kimberley. There was much talk about the Bishop of Peterborough's committee on the insurance of children—much, too, about an enquiry by another committee of the Lords into hospital management, before which many of the women who were examined seem to have made much better witnesses than the men.

15. With Aberdare to the rooms of the Royal Niger Company, where I was introduced to Sir G. T. Goldie, and heard much about the doings and plans of the Company, seeing also a great variety of products from the Niger region. With many of these I had become familiar in India; but some were new to me, as for instance the seeds of the *Strophanthus*, a plant belonging to a curious genus of *Apocynaceae*, with which the savages of Central Africa poison their arrows, and a preparation of which was administered to me last year for a form of headache from which I was suffering.

My wife had a second dance to-night. The Dowager Lady Lyttelton told me, on the authority of the last Lady Ashburton, that many years ago Merimée said of Gladstone: "C'est un jeune homme de beaucoup de niaiserie, beaucoup de génie, et beaucoup de bigoterie; il ira loin, et saura faire beaucoup de mal et beaucoup de bien."

Our talk wandered to Landor, and to his epitaph, which, by the way, I first heard repeated at the house of Archdeacon Raymond, by Mr. Kenyon—my only recollection of that very worthy man. Some one spoke of the wastes of dreariness you have to cross between the fine passages in the *Imaginary Conversations*. "Yes," said Bowen, "the fine passages are like the dells in a mountainous country."

19. The Breakfast Club met under the presidency of

Lord Wolseley, at the Army and Navy Club. We had Herschell, Aberdare, Lyall, and Lacaita. Hübner was present by invitation. The name of a naval officer of merit, but who has had no opportunity of doing anything very notable, coming up, it was mentioned that he had at one time proposed to take a very wild step. It was represented to him by his friends that to do so would be to ruin his political career. "How so?" was the reply, "The nation pardoned Nelson!" That led to a story of an eccentric peer whose family remonstrated with him about the discredit he brought upon them by not paying his bills. "Pitt never paid his bills," was all that they got for an answer. Lyall told us that Walpole was on the point of altering St. Petersburg throughout his history into Petersburg, when he begged him to pause, and discovered that in the dictionary of the Russian Academy, St. Petersburg was the form employed. "It is certainly the form they always use in their despatches," remarked Hübner.

After breakfast our host showed us the small picture of Lady Hamilton, which Nelson had over his bed in his cabin, a *fade* and uninteresting presentment of the face which looks out from Romney's canvas. He took us also to see the portrait of Nell Gwynne, whose house stood on the site which this magnificent club now occupies. Below it are a looking-glass and a fruit knife which are said to have belonged to her.

20. Arthur Russell wrote the other day :—

"Before you leave London have you seen, near your house in the churchyard of Audley Chapel, behind the vestry in Mount Street, the passage that leads into the church in Farm Street? You might think yourself thousands of miles away from Mayfair."

Acting on this hint I went thither to-day, to find everything as it was described, to assist also at a lovely Mass and at a Charity Sermon, or, more properly speaking, Address, by Father Barry,[1] which was a most curious contrast to a sermon in the same church mentioned in these Notes for 1887, being a perfect model, not only of good taste but of good sense.

21. Lady Reay repeated to me an anecdote which had been told her by Sir E. Boehm, to whom she is at present sitting. Soult and the Duke of Wellington were looking at Canova's statue of Napoleon, who is represented as holding a globe in his hand. Soult turned to the Duke and said: "How strange it is that a sculptor who understood proportion so well should have made the globe so extremely small?" "Ah!" replied the other, "England was not in it!" Boehm asked the last Duke whether this really occurred, and was assured that it did.

Went down to see Miss Appleyard, now eighty-one, at Slough. She had been reading the continuation of the

[1] Not the well-known novelist.

Histoire d'une Grande Dame, mentioned on a previous page, and cited from it an excellent saying of the Prince de Ligne. He was looking on, in Vienna, at a play called "*Hagar, dans le Desert*," written by Madame de Staël, and in which that enterprising lady acted the principal part. The prince affected to forget the name of the piece, and asked what it was. He was told; but rejoined: "Non, non, ce n'est pas ça. C'est la justification d'Abraham!"

Returned to London to dine with Goschen, in one of the little rooms which have been opened along the Terrace since I left the house of Commons. The party consisted of Mrs. Goschen, George Goschen, Albert Grey, Courtney, Sir R. Blennerhassett and Sir H. Maxwell. As we walked on the Terrace, a little later, Blennerhassett told me that, something like two years ago, Moltke had warned Bismarck that it was time for him to retire, that age and youth would not get on together, and that by clinging to power he was preparing for himself a disaster.

When the party broke up I transferred myself to York House, our lease of 13 Great Stanhope Street terminating with to-day.

23. Dined with De Tabley at the Athenæum, meeting Mr. Talbot, Sir Charles Longley, Maskelyne, and others. Reay was called away early, and Evans, the President of the Society of Antiquaries, who sat on my right, said, as we closed up, "His place is *rayé*."

Lord Zouche mentioned that amongst a number of curious books left to him by his father, the Explorer of the Monasteries of the Levant, there was one in which was supposed to be the autograph of Shakespeare. He took it to the British Museum, where they unhesitatingly pronounced the signature to be a forgery.

"Keep it," said Evans. "If you keep it long enough it will very likely become genuine. I once consulted the Museum authorities as to an Egyptian spear-head, which purported to have belonged to Kames, the last king of the seventeenth dynasty. They declared that it had not the slightest claim to be what it professed to be. The spear-head went into a collection in Scotland which was lately broken up. I bought it, and took it again to the Museum, where it was pronounced to be most undoubtedly genuine."

Howorth had in his pocket the Latin felicitation addressed by Lord Coleridge's father to Mr. Ingham, whom I knew in the House of Commons, on his taking silk, beginning, "Ibis ad australes clypeos"—australes clypeos representing South Shields, for which Ingham was member.

De Tabley declared that when Mr. Hallam went down to examine at Oxford to give *éclat* to the opening of the Modern History Schools, he had forgotten all his own books, and the undergraduates walked round him.

Evans told us that a person well known for his evidence before committees, having been employed years ago by

somebody, sent in what was considered a moderate bill; years passed, and he was employed again by the same person, but his bill then was by no means moderate. The client remonstrated, whereupon he said: "Did you not see the letters appended to my name? Do you not know what they mean?" The client replied, "I always thought F.R.S. meant Fellow of the Royal Society." "Oh, no! not at all," was the rejoinder, "it means, 'Fees raised since.'" At a still later period he was again employed, and a still more startling bill was the result. Again he was remonstrated with, and again he said: "Did you not observe the heading, Sir —— ———, Knight, and do you not know that night work is always paid extra?"

I have been dipping once more into Lord Ronald Gower's extremely agreeable *Reminiscences*. Nothing struck me more than the account of its author's last conversation with Disraeli.

"He spoke of his early friendship with the three Sheridan sisters, all beautiful women, the present Duchess of Somerset, once Queen of Beauty, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Norton. He described how delightful were the dinners in old days at Mrs. Norton's, over a public-house near Storey's Gate, more than forty years ago, and of the wit and humour that then flowed more copiously by far than the claret. Lady Dufferin was his chief admiration, more beautiful than her beautiful sisters—'Dreams! Dreams! Dreams!' he murmured, gazing at the fire."

28. A large party yesterday at York House, some, how-

ever, only staying for dinner, among them Lady Reay, Lady O'Hagan and her eldest boy. One of those staying in the house was Mr. Barth, who is the moving spirit of the German paper, *Die Nation*, the best representative of the views of the *Freisinnige Partei*, and who came to me with a letter from George Bunsen. We had much talk both about English and German politics. He thinks that the latter will pass into an entirely new phase within the next few months, under the influence of the fall of Bismarck and the change of attitude of the Government towards the Socialist Agitation. He believes that the large recent increase in the Socialist vote is due first to Protection, secondly to the Repressive laws, which, by forcing the Socialist Sectaries to work underground, have added the attractions of mystery to those of martyrdom.

Another of our guests was General Maxwell, an old Indian officer, who has settled in Rome, and fills, in some sort, the niche which was occupied there by Colonel Caldwell, who died while I was in India, at, I think, ninety-three. General Maxwell told us that two Irish Protestants having found themselves at the Vatican amidst a large number of the faithful, thought it their duty to mention to Pio Nono that they did not belong to the Church of which he was the head. "Ça ne fait rien," was the reply, "j'en parlerai à St. Patrice." He told us also that a Jewish officer, belonging to the French Protecting Army, who was

about to be sent back to France for improper conduct, had the assurance to ask His Holiness to sign his name to a photograph which he had purchased. The Pope refused, but the fellow insisted; "Give it to me then," said the old man, and upon its being handed to him, wrote at the bottom, "Cur venisti"—the words of Christ to Judas!

Talk about Gregory, who is a cousin of General Maxwell's, led on to talk about Ireland, and he said that he had been much pleased with an old lady to whom he had been speaking of the merits of Irish girls, and who replied to him: "Yes, and they are such affable divils!"

We talked of Oberammergau this morning, and General Maxwell remarked that in an English advertisement at that place, *Hervorragendes Kaffee* had figured as—Protuberant Coffee. He told us, too, that a peasant of Périgord having been taken to task by his curé, because his son had not the least idea who Notre Seigneur was, replied, "Il faut l'excuser; nous ne lisons pas les journaux ici."

Dined at Grillion's, a small party, with Boehm in the chair. The conversation at my end of the table was sustained chiefly by Charles Bowen, who sat on my left, and Kimberley, who was my *vis-à-vis*. The latter was asked whether Bright was good in Cabinet. "First-rate," he answered; "he always gave us exactly what we wanted, namely, the view which would be taken of the matter under discussion by the Radical Party as then constituted.

He was very shrewd, very concise, and never made difficulties of any kind. Lord Clarendon, near the end of his life, asked me in the House of Lords, 'Do you remember my once saying to you that I thought John Bright ought to be hanged?' 'Perfectly,' was my reply. 'Well,' rejoined Lord Clarendon, 'I thought so then. Is it not curious that John Bright and I should now be fast friends?'" Kimberley told us, too, that it was a mistake to suppose that Gladstone had been dictatorial to his colleagues, neither was he anything like so lengthy in Cabinet as might be supposed from his performances elsewhere, nor did he ever lose his temper. In Palmerston's Cabinet he was in the habit, I believe, of developing his ideas at great length, much to the annoyance of his chief. "You," I said, "evidently did not feel towards him as one of his colleagues did when he remarked: 'I never hear Gladstone going on as he does in Cabinet without feeling inclined to say to him, Now you just go and stand up in the corner till you're good.'" "No," answered Kimberley, "old age and experience had quite altered the man before I came to be his colleague."

There was also a long conversation between Charles Bowen and Kimberley about the Court of Criminal Appeal. The latter had much to say about the difficulties he had experienced when as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he had to exercise the power of pardon, or the remitting of

sentences. I had, of course, a large experience in the exercise of the same power at Madras, but the element of violent popular feeling which complicated everything in Ireland was entirely absent, and I had nothing to consider, on, I think, any occasion, except the reason of the case.

August

7. Returned to York House from a five days' absence with Clara in Surrey, three of which were spent at Peper Harow, whence, on the 4th, I drove over to Farnham, passing through Moor Park, where Swift lived with Sir William Temple. At the gate stands the cottage once inhabited by Stella. Near are the remains of Waverley Abbey, said to be the oldest Cistercian house in England, and further said to have by pure accident suggested to Sir Walter Scott a name for his famous novels.

Farnham Castle, over which we were shown by the Bishop and his family, is an extremely fine thing, and the ground on which it stands has belonged to the See for more than a thousand years, though even the oldest part of the building does not go back to so remote an antiquity. Dr. Harold Browne is, I think, in his eighty-first year, and proposes to retire at Christmas, but he is a mere infant compared to his sister, who was staying with him, and who,

although very deaf, can still read the *Times* without glasses, at the respectable age of ninety-three. The garden on the top of the old Keep is, so far as my recollection extends, unique; it looks down upon a lovely lawn broken by bright parterres and a fountain full of water-lilies, on whose broad leaves its spray falls in a continuous shower. Over the fireplace in the great hall is the inscription put up by the present occupant of the Castle—

"A Dieu—foy:
Aux Amis—foyer."

I had never before seen the Herbarium of 1672, collected by a member of the Brodrick family in, as Midleton thinks, the neighbourhood of Wandsworth. It contains both wild and cultivated plants, many of them admirably preserved, and I should like to examine it a great deal more carefully than I had time to do. I did not know that the "Marvel of Peru," which is represented in it, had come to England so early.

Midleton cited to me as an excellent illustration of the conciseness of Latin, the inscription on the pedestal of the statue of Sir T. Dyke Acland, at Exeter:—

"Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores."

Evelyn went back to his post at Rome yesterday. He was gazetted a few days ago as Third Secretary.

9. Bernard Mallet sent me recently the hitherto printed

portion of the autobiography of his grandfather, John Lewis Mallet, mentioned on a previous page. It is full of curious things, among which I may mention the description of the Society of Geneva before the Revolution there, the Terror of the year 1794 at the same place, the sketches of Malouet, Montlosier, and of the Comte de St. Aldegonde, who married a daughter of the Duchess de Tourzel. Of Warren Hastings, the Abbé De Lisle, Monthion and Madame de Stäel, there are also some interesting notices.

The phrase "il faut boxer le climat," used by a French doctor who insisted upon his countrymen in England living freely, is worth remembering. The following anecdote of Voltaire may be put side by side with it:—

"My father having gone one morning to Ferney to breakfast, and being in Voltaire's bedroom, M. Fabri de Gex came in with an artist of his acquaintance, whom he wished to introduce to Voltaire. The artist was attended by a dog that followed him into the room, and who, brushing by the chimney, knocked down the tongs and shovel, to the great annoyance of Voltaire, who, violently pulling the bell, said to the footman who came in: 'Lavigne, send up one of my carriage horses to keep company with this gentleman's dog.'"

Other passages which I have marked are a long note on the French Revolution, page 206, and Mallet du Pan's judgment of Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*:—

"Il y a du talent dans tout cela, mais je ne comprends rien à ces harmonies de la Nature et de la Religion."

The following passage is characteristic of the tone of John Lewis Mallet's mind, and the quotation from Burke is the very expressed essence of wisdom :—

"It is of great importance to happiness not to lag too much behind our age, to have an indulgent feeling for the prevailing opinions of our time; and not to attach ourselves with a fond and pertinacious partiality to forms of government and social institutions, which are fast declining in public esteem. I feel great attachment and respect for this country of England as at present constituted, and I should be very sorry to see any great change in my own time; but I, nevertheless, endeavour to wean myself from it, for when the schoolmaster is abroad we can neither direct nor restrain his career. All that is in our power is to be found at all times by the side of moderate and virtuous men; as Burke says in his letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol: 'I am aware that the age is not what we all wish; but I am sure that the only means to check its degeneracy is heartily to concur with whatever is best in our time.'"

11. Answered a letter from Mme. Renan, which contained the following passage :—

"Pendant que je vous écris ceci, à côté de la table où mon mari travaille, il quitte la compagnie de, je ne sais quel prophète democrate, pour me charger de vous dire la joie véritable que nous aurions si vous étiez jamais tenté de traverser la mer qui nous sépare et de venir voir nos rochers de granit rouge nos landes si mélancoliques et des amis que vous rendiez très heureux. Les événements qui s' accomplissent ou se preparent sont si interessants et si considérables que le désir d'en causer avec un esprit tel que le vôtre se presente bien souvent à notre pensée. Il me semble que le monde s'est remis à marcher, comme si les

sept dormants d'Ephèse s'étaient encore retournés sur leur couche, ce qui annonce, ainsi que vous le savez, que de grands change, ments vont s' opérer."

12. Cardinal Newman's death is announced in the *Times*, at the age of eighty-nine. I drove over in the afternoon to see Professor Owen, who is eighty-six, and has failed much since I last saw him some months ago.

13. Mr. Constable, whom I met at Lucknow in 1875, lunched here. He is about to publish a *Constable's Miscellany* for India, and brought with him a photograph of the dedication of his grandfather's well-known collection to King George IV., written in his own hand by Sir Walter Scott, and still preserved in the family. I observe, by the way, that the great novelist robbed the word "knowledge" of its "d."

17. A large party at York House; amongst them Mr. Stronge, whom Evelyn has just relieved at the Roman Embassy. He repeated an amusing answer by a boy, who, in reply to the question, "What is the derivation of Pontifex?" said, "Pons, a bridge, as we say an Archbishop."

18. ——— told us at dinner that his mother, in talking with a farmer's daughter, had mentioned Norway. "Oh! I know where that is," said the other; "it is in Sweden, the country from which came the Swedish Nightingale who nursed our soldiers in the Crimea!"

20. I have had read to me in these last days the

Memoirs of Madame de Montagu. Her grandmother, the Maréchale de Noailles, her mother, the Duchesse D'Ayen, and her sister, the Vicomtesse de Noailles, were all guillotined at the Barrière du Trône.

There are many curious details about the life of the *emigrés* at Richmond, in Holstein and elsewhere, but the pearl of the book is the reply of the Vicomtesse de Noailles when urged to take some rest the night before her execution: "A quoi bon se reposer à la veille de l'Eternité?"

Madame de Montagu was *pour beaucoup* in the conversion to Catholicism of Count L. Stolberg, which produced such a sensation in Germany.

24. Walked in the garden with Miss Lawless, who called my attention to the curious way in which the earthworms had dragged down the bracts of the lime-tree flowers, through the hard gravel paths.[1]

Presently a beautiful specimen of the peacock butterfly *Vanessa Io* came flying about us, and alighted so long upon the lawn, that I saw it better than I had ever done before.

[1] They drag down leaves partly to line their burrows, and partly to use them as food. Mr. Darwin went, with his usual marvellous energy and perseverance, into the whole subject, and has recorded their behaviour with reference to different sorts of leaves in the most careful manner. I read his account this afternoon at the Athenæum—September 1st.

In the afternoon we went to Ham, which has been in the hands of the builders for more than two years. It had got into a terribly dangerous condition, and it is said that the repairs and restorations have cost something like £40,000. All has been done, however, very judiciously, and only so much change made as was absolutely necessary.

27. Finished *Castle Daly*, by Miss Annie Keary; an excellent novel, and really a most remarkable work considering that its authoress had only spent a fortnight in Ireland. Her father was, it appears, an Irishman, while her mother was English — circumstances which may partially account for her extraordinary success in depicting the difference between the character of the English and Irish, as well as the impartiality with which she surveyed their relations to each other.

September

3. I had occasion to go to the Admiralty on business to-day. After it was transacted, Mr. Awdry, who is acting for the Secretary, and is cousin of Major Awdry, whose name frequently occurs in the Indian Volumes of these Notes, took me to see the Board Room, which, to say nothing of its surpassing historical interest, is adorned by

admirable carvings from the hand of Grinling Gibbons, and has remained very much as it was in his time.

Lord Dufferin writes from Sorrento:—

"One evening I dined on the *Italia*, the flagship of the Italian Squadron. The *Italia* is not a ship, but a great floating island with a castle, or rather two castles. The area of its decks could only be given in acres, everything is done by steam, and its various mechanical contrivances are as distressingly complicated as a nightmare. After dinner the whole nautical population of Castellamare lit up their boats with festoons of lamps, and passed in a crowded procession round the various ships. The sight was really very pretty, for at the mastheads of all the war-ships were electric search-lights, which, crossing and intermingling with one another, lit up the cliffs and town; overhead was the moon; around us were millions of twinkling lamps; and in the distance was the red angry lava stream of Vesuvius, while occasional showers of rockets—blue, red, green, and yellow—sparkled in the sky; so that we had every variety of illumination known to man or nature."

6. Mr. Hugh Smith, who dined with us to-night, told me that he once said to Mr. Evarts: "I have given a great deal of attention to Jersey cows, and can never understand how it is that they give so much more milk with you than with us." Evarts made no reply, but presently remarked: "I wonder that you should feel surprised at Jersey cows giving so much less milk with you than they do in an American newspaper!"

11. Writing from Cambridge, Mass., Charles Norton

replies as follows to some rather discouraged remarks of mine about the state of things here:—

"There is no rising genius visible amongst us. The old lights are setting one by one, and no new stars swimming up above the horizon. There is plenty of a low order of practical mental activity in science, in history, in the stubble field of metaphysics, in political economy, and the like; but the contrast between the intellectual influences exerted by contemporary literature on my children and those exerted on my own generation is disheartening. Our youth was wonderfully fortunate and favoured as compared with the youth of to-day."

14. Mr. Peel, eldest son of the Speaker, just starting for a tour in the Colonies; Miss Gordon and her father Sir Arthur, with us. I talked with the last-mentioned about the Princess Lieven's letters to Lord Aberdeen, and told him Hübner's story of her (see these Notes for 21st July 1889).

"Did you ever hear," he asked me in reply, "what are said to have been the last words of Palmerston?—'Oh! certainly, certainly, show me the map of Belgium!'"

In the afternoon some of us went over to Ham. I looked more carefully than hitherto at the old spinet, still fit for use, which was made at Antwerp in 1624 or 1634, and on which many a lady may have played before the great Civil War broke over England. Its maker must

have—and with good reason—considered it a remarkable work, for he placed upon it two mottoes—"Soli Deo gloria" and "Facta virum probant."

15. Sir Arthur told us that when a selection from the Wellington despatches came out, his father said to the Duke: "Brougham declares that they will be read when we are all forgotten, dead and buried," to which the great man answered, after a long pause—"And they will."

From the 16th to the 27th I was in Scotland, showing Victoria the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, Edinburgh, and other places likely to interest one who had never before crossed the Border, but not seeing, of course, very much that was unfamiliar to me.

29. We reached York House this afternoon after a pleasant halt at Towneley, whither my wife came to meet us, and where we had, amongst others, Lady Herbert and the Bishop of Salford. The former was recently at Lumigny, and had, of course, much to tell me. I have not previously mentioned in these Notes that in the month of April Mrs. Craven was taken suddenly ill. I proposed going over to see her at Whitsuntide, but she suggested a postponement of my visit till her condition had improved. Since that, however, things have got worse instead of better. She is still able to go to Mass in the chapel, to listen to reading, and even to read a little; but her power of speech has absolutely failed for several months.

The conversation turned this morning upon Father Burke, and the Bishop mentioned that he had once said to him: "I hope you are better?" "Oh no!" he replied; "I have as many pains as the window of that cathedral."

Miss Somers Cocks writes from Venice:—

"I think my letter may possibly take with it a faint odour of sanctity, writing as I do on a spot sacred to you, looking over the Grand Canal to Santa Maria della Salute. A beautiful moon is at this moment shining down full on the Madonna, and sending a bright bar of light straight across the water to this Palazzo."

October

2. Returned to York House from Hurstbourne, whither I went on the 30th with Lady Malmesbury. It has now become the home of Lord Lymington, eldest son of Lord and Lady Portsmouth, with whom my wife and I stayed there in 1870 and 1871, but who now live in Devonshire.

Mr. F. Myers was of the party, and talked much of the Psychical Society. He confirmed what I had previously heard—that they found the evidence for appearances of deceased persons at the moment of death very strong indeed, but could make much less of the stories about haunted houses, the difficulties in the way of enquiring into them being extremely great. He cited one very

strange case of a most ordinary uninteresting villa at Cheltenham, in which no less than eleven persons had seen an appearance which it was difficult to explain, except on the hypothesis that it was what is usually understood by an apparition. A much more romantic story of a castle in Germany, which he had personally examined, turned out to be only the result of the concurrence of a remarkable number of accidental circumstances, well calculated to excite the imagination.

Another subject with him was hypnotism, in which there appear to be two schools, the centre of one of which is the Salpetrière in Paris, and of the other a group of persons at Nancy. Mr. Myers considered that the latter school was the more likely of the two to produce results of importance in connection with his particular studies.

My attention was drawn to many objects of interest at Hurstbourne, which were either not there in 1870 and 1871, or which I did not then observe. Among them was Sir Isaac Newton's watch, his hair, and a very striking portrait of him. The drawing-room is fitted up with furniture which does much credit to some English upholsterers in the last century. The tall, gilt, and most elaborately carved wooden candelabra in the corners are masterpieces of their kind, showing a most graceful and abounding fancy. Nor had I at all done justice to the immediate surroundings of the house. The wide space in front is not

particularly attractive to me, but some of the more distant parts of the park are very beautiful. I note especially the broken ground through which one passes on the way to Whitchurch, and a very fine line of beeches spreading their branches on either side with great regularity, and known, from some long deceased ancestor, as Lord Lymington's Walk.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Dale arrived. She is none other than the Miss Alice Milbank, whom I have wished so much to meet ever since her grandmother, Lady Wallace, repeated to me, in 1875, her remarkable acrostic on Gladstone. (See these Notes for that year). Her husband, a great authority on the iron trade, was sent over with other persons to the Labour Conference, which took place at Berlin some months ago. The English delegates arrived on a Saturday night, and found that they were invited to dine the next evening with Prince Bismarck. They accepted the invitation. Soon after they had adjourned to the drawing-room, a servant came up and said something to the Prince, who left the room and did not return. As it was getting late they consulted Count Herbert as to whither they ought to go. "I will ask my father," he replied, "and let you know." Again there was a considerable delay. When the Count returned, he said: "If you will come with me, you will pass through the room in which my father is, and will be able to take leave of

him." They followed, and found, in an apartment through which they were led, two gentlemen in uniform. These were the A.D.C.s of the Emperor, who had come to remind the Chancellor that he had not sent to his Sovereign the resignation which he had promised. When Mr. Dale saw Count Herbert lately in London, he said: "It was an interesting evening for our family, that on which you dined with us — the evening of my father's dismissal."

I forgot to note last month that *Sonchus palustris* was even a more conspicuous feature in the garden this year than last. The tallest stem I measured attained thirteen feet and a half!

7. Returned to York House from Newnham Paddox, where I spent so many pleasant days from 1853 onwards, but which I had not seen for more than thirty years. The house has been much changed and largely added to, the most successful addition being the really beautiful chapel.

The Mass by Turner on Sunday morning was very lovely, but the Benediction that afternoon was rather encroached upon by a long sermon, and by a ceremony connected with the establishment of a branch of the Apostleship of Prayer, an offshoot of the Devotion to the Sacré Cœur. The Benediction yesterday was everything that one could desire.

There was a large party in the house, and an oddly proportioned one, for we sat down to dinner on the 4th, eighteen ladies to six gentlemen. Lady Herbert of Lea made the hyphen between this and our Towneley visit.

Since the death of the last Lord Denbigh, Monks Kirby church has been admirably restored in his honour, while his two elder children, our host and his twin sister Lady Mary, have erected a monument on which he and his wife, whom I never saw, but of whom I used to hear a good deal nearly fifty years ago, and who was a very interesting person, lie in high relief.

Lady Mary has herself erected a monument to her sister Lady Augusta, in which she is represented felicitously and truthfully as a beautiful girl lying with a broken lily in her hand. Both monuments are by Miss Grant (of Kilgraston), and the last, which is a distinct success, will perpetuate, let us hope, for long ages, a pure and gracious memory.

Among the famous Van Dycks, my favourite is the Duke of Richmond, with the dog which is said to have saved his life. Next to it the picture I like best in the house is the great Sir Joshua in the library—Mrs. Powys, with her daughter, Lady Feilding, who was the mother of the last Earl.

Lady Clare showed me a Book of Hours which had belonged to Sir Thomas More, on the pages of which is written by him—it is thought in the Tower—a sort of

Litany. She told me, too, a singularly happy saying:—A number of young girls, one extremely beautiful, had gone out to see the proceedings of a shooting party, and were climbing down a ladder which had been put to facilitate their passage over a high fence. "I think this is Jacob's ladder," remarked the gamekeeper.

After dinner on the 6th, Lady Denbigh read me a number of Lady Clare's manuscript poems. One of them gave me an altogether new association for a place I was once extremely familiar with—the Terrace of the House of Commons.

8. Alfred Bailey, whom I met in London to-day, told me that a little girl, struck with the keen, but at the same time benevolent, face of Leo XIII., had said to her mother: "Oh! mamma, doesn't he look like a kind wolf?" He mentioned also that a lady had asked our last King just after his accession, what was to be his royal style. "I am," he replied, "to be William the Fourth, to my great annoyance. I wanted to be Harry the Ninth, but that must not be, it seems, and all on account of a foolish prophecy:—

'As Harry the Eighth pulled down abbeys and cells,
So Harry the Ninth shall pull down Bishops and bells.'"

This jingle is said to date from the days of Prince Henry, the elder brother of Charles I., from whom the Puritan party expected great things.

13. Alfred Bailey, who has been staying with us since

the 11th, left this morning. His work as a conveyancer has made him acquainted with a very great amount of family history, as his book on the succession to the Crown made him acquainted with all that relates to the devolution of the Royal dignity.

I happened to mention to him what I have noted on a previous page, that the coffin of James I. had been found by Dean Stanley in the tomb of Henry VII. To this he replied: "I have not the slightest doubt that it was put there by his own order, to emphasize the fact that he represented and reconciled the long hostile houses of York and Lancaster." He told us also that Frederic Harrison had, on behalf of George Eliot, applied to him to settle the intricate legal plot of *Felix Holt*. With *Middlemarch*, which is not equally faultless from a lawyer's point of view, he had had nothing to do. He repeated to me a curious story which had been told him about a young man who, madly in love with a Jewish girl, was told by her family that he could not possibly marry her unless he changed his religion. To this he had no objection, but he was then informed that he could not possibly become a Jew in England, because the authorities still considered themselves bound by the engagement which their representative made with Cromwell when the Jews were re-admitted into this country. He went accordingly to Holland, where all the necessary ceremonies were duly performed.

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, came to lunch. I asked her what had suggested to her *The Beleaguered City*? "Partly," she answered, "something in De Quincey, "partly a visit to Sémur in Burgundy," which she describes as a most wonderfully untouched little mediæval town. Her account of it made me think of Rothenburg in Bavaria, which Arthur Russell has been lately visiting, and about which he wrote the other day to me.

14. While looking to-day through the coins I brought from India, I found one which I had forgotten, and which, as it had been turned into a locket by a former proprietor, I have fastened for a time to my watch-chain. It is a gold Mohur of Ahmad Shah Doorani, and bears the following inscription :—

"By the order of the Almighty God the Ahmad Badshah struck coins in gold and silver from the earth (fish) to the heaven (moon) A. H., 1173."

On the reverse :—

"Coined at the Capital Shah Jehanabad (Delhi), in the 14th year of the propitious reign."

It was Ahmad Shah Doorani who defeated the Mahrattas in the great battle of Paniput in 1761, when, probably for the last time in history, Polytheism and Monotheism met *as such* in a great and supreme conflict, for the Mahrattas advanced with the cry of "Hur! Hur! Mahdeo!" the Mahometans with that of "Allah!" The account of the

tremendous disaster was brought to the Peishwa in a letter which contained these words :—

"Two pearls have been dissolved, twenty-seven Mohurs have been lost, and of the silver and copper the total cannot be cast up."

15. When at Peper Harow I happened to take up the August number of *The Leisure Hour* and found in it a poem of great beauty called *Harebells*, signed by Emily Hickey, a name not known to me.

Here are the first two verses :—

"Blue bells, on blue hills, where the sky is blue,
Here's a little blue-gowned maid come to look at you ;
Here's a little child would fain, at the vesper time,
Catch the music of your hearts, hear the harebells chime.

'Little hares, little hares,' softly prayeth she,
'Come, come across the hills, and ring the bells for me.'

"When do hares ring the bells, does my lady say?
Is it when the sky is rosed with the coming day?
Is it in the strength of noon, all the earth aglow?
Is it when at eventide sweet dew falleth slow?
Any time the bells may ring, morn or noon, or even ;
Lovebells, joybells, earth bells heard in heaven.
Any time the happy hills may be lightly swept
By the ringers' little feet ; any time, except
When by horse and hound and man chased and frightened sore,
Weak and panting, little hares care to ring no more ;
It must be upon the hills where the hunt comes ne'er,
Chimes of bells ring out at touch of the little hare.

'Harebells, blue bells, ring, ring again !
Set agoing, little hares, the joyaunce of the strain.'"

The rest is quite as good. I had some correspondence with the authoress, and made her acquaintance this afternoon at Melbury House.

Mrs. Watts Hughes was also there. She is the lady who sings flower forms on to flat surfaces arranged for the purpose, by emitting notes through a sort of pipe, a performance at which I assisted one day last season, and which may very possibly lead to considerable developments. To-day, however, I was much more interested by her singing after the ordinary fashion, but most beautifully, a variety of things, more especially a Welsh air called "The Ash Grove."

At night I gave the Inaugural Address of the Session at the Richmond Athenæum, taking for my subject some of the less known poets of the reign.

25. Mrs. Greg left us. She has been reading to me in these last days portions of the Memoir which will be prefixed to the forthcoming edition of the *Enigmas of Life*, and has by so doing recalled many agreeable recollections of the past. There came back, amongst others, a day which she, then Miss Wilson, her husband to be, and I spent amongst the Alps of the Algau, in Bavaria, in 1872, and on which an appreciable amount of our time went in throwing stones into a stream.

Greg, talking of this to Cardinal Manning, asked him if he ever did anything of the kind. He replied by saying that

he "not only never did anything of the kind, but that he was not conscious of the slightest desire to do it." "Ah!" then rejoined his friend, "there is no more hope for you; the child has quite gone out of your life, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

That was as witty as Stephen's great description of Greg himself in his character of Christian. "Yes, a Christian who, having listened with approval to the Sermon on the Mount, and not having had his attention called to the miracles, died before the crucifixion."

27. We have had a large party at York House for the last day or two, but all have left us this morning, including the Arthur Russells, Lady Wolseley, and her daughter.

On the 25th Arthur Russell mentioned a happily invented story which used, he said, to be current in Germany:—A gentleman in the Shetland Isles was desirous to secure a French tutor for his son, and advertised for such a person. A man presented himself, was engaged, and remained in the family for three years, when, having fully communicated his language to his pupil, he departed. Ere long the youth started on his travels, and on arriving in France was surprised to find that he could not communicate with a single human being. He wandered in every direction and for some years, but the mystery was not cleared up, till at length somewhere in Polynesia he fell in with another

European with whom he could exchange ideas freely in the language which he had acquired, and which turned out to be not French but Finnish!

Yesterday morning Arthur Russell and I went with Philip Somers Cocks to the little Catholic church here. On our way back I mentioned the amusing story which is told, as follows, in a book called *Jewels of the Mass*:—

"In France it is said that a somewhat strange custom still obtains in the great hunting districts on St. Hubert's Day, or other festival connected with the chase. Mass is celebrated before the hunt, and all the dogs, with the huntsmen, &c., are drawn up outside the church. At the Elevation the signal is given, and all the dogs are made to give tongue, the horns sounding a fanfare! It was stated, however, that many of the English hounds—owing perhaps to their old Protestant associations—remained obstinately mute, and could not be got to join in this homage."

This custom made me think of a passage in Mr. Greg's *Enigmas of Life*, which I had forgotten, but re-read the other day with much approval:—

"It would seem impossible to frame any scheme of a future life, at once equitable and rational, which should include all human beings, and exclude all the rest of the animal creation. Those among us who are most really intimate with dogs, horses, elephants, and other *élite* of the *fauna* of the world, know that there are many animals far more richly endowed with those intellectual and moral qualities which are worth preserving and which imply capacity of cultivation, than many men, higher,

richer, and above all, more unselfish and devoted; and, therefore, we may almost say, more Christian natures. I have seen, in the same day on the summit and at the foot of the Great St. Bernard, men and brutes, with regard to whom no one would hesitate to assign the superiority to the quadruped in all that we desire should live. Yet, on the other hand, where draw the line, since admittedly the highest animals taper downwards, by wholly inappreciable gradations, to the lowest organisms of simply vegetable life?"

"Does the following suggestion by an anonymous writer offer a way out of the difficulty?—'I apprehend that if man's immortality be accepted as proven, a strong presumption may be thence derived in favour of the immortality of those creatures who obtain that moral stage whereat man becomes an immortal being. What that stage may be we do not presume to guess, but we cannot suppose the tremendous alternative of extinction or immortality to be decided by arrival at any arbitrary or merely physical turning-point, such as may occur at various epochs, either before birth or at the moment of birth. We must believe it to be determined by entrance on some moral or mental stage, such as may be represented by the terms consciousness, self-consciousness, intelligence, power of love, or the like—by the development, in short, of the mysterious—somewhat above the purely vegetative or animated life for which such life is the scaffolding. If then (as we are wont to take for granted) a child of some six or eighteen months old be certainly an immortal being, it follows that the stage of development which involves immortality must be an early one. And if such be the case, that stage is unquestionably attained by animals often, and by some men never.'

"I beg that it may be remarked that this argument expressly restricts itself to the case of the higher animals, and thus escapes the objection which has always been raised to the

hypothesis of the immortality of the humbler creatures, namely, that if we proceed a step below the human race, we have no right to stop short of the oyster. I merely contend that where any animal manifestly surpasses an average human infant in those steps of development which can be assumed to involve existence after death, then we are logically and religiously justified in expecting that the Creator of both child and brute will show no favouritism for the smooth white skin over the rough hairy coat."

Later, on the 26th, the Arthur Russells, the Wolseleys, and I went to Kew, where I have very often been since it was last mentioned in these pages. The Chrysanthemum is already beginning to relieve the sombre green of the Temperate House. As we drove to Kew, Arthur Russell mentioned that some one had recently bought a most hideous table-cover, at the sight of which Madame de Peyronnet exclaimed aloud. "But it comes," said one who was present, "from Liberty's." Madame de Peyronnet instantly rejoined: "Oh, Liberté, que de crimes commet-on dans ton nom!"

Another of our party was my old colleague, Robert Herbert. I was glad to have an opportunity of testing, by his vast knowledge and trained sagacity, some of the outside ideas which I had formed about recent Colonial matters.

Arthur Russell told me to-day that when his letter, which so much fluttered the Gladstonian dovecots, appeared in

the *Spectator*, Lord ——— said to the Duke of Bedford: "What does it mean? Is it a joke?" "My brother is not much in the habit of joking," was the characteristic answer.

As I was dictating a paper on which I am engaged, there came back to me an anecdote of the great scholar Linwood, the author of the Lexicon to *Æschylus*, and editor of the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*. This man, deservedly distinguished in his day, was perhaps stronger in the ancient tongues than his own, for when a friend asked him whether he would follow the example of those who compiled the *Arundines Cami* and introduce rhymed Latin verse, he replied: "No, I don't want any of these monkish things. I want a good 'eathen book."

28. Dined with Sir Whittaker and Lady Ellis at Buccleuch House, making there the acquaintance of Sir Edward Hertslet, the librarian of the Foreign Office, and a pillar of that institution.

Mr. Hugh Smith told me that ——— had once been asked by a lady whether they had mistletoe in Ireland? "No," he replied, "what kissing we do, we do under the rose."

Mr. Thiselton Dyer mentioned that he had once gone to stay near Fowey in Cornwall, with the Rashleighs, who have a most beautiful place, where he was most hospitably entertained. Sir Walter Scott's experiences at the hands

of the family are said to have been less agreeable, and he wreaked his vengeance by giving their name to one of his least amiable characters, Rashleigh Osbaldistone!

29. Mr. H. E. Stokes, long a member of the Secretariat when I was at Madras, and now senior member of the Council there, dined with me. He is the only person I have seen since I left the country with whom I have had an opportunity of talking over the affairs of South India, with the certainty that he knew all that was to be known; and his report was most satisfactory. Much as I had hoped from the changes introduced by my government with reference to the forests and to the excise, the result has far surpassed my expectations, while a succession of admirable seasons have made the general prosperity of the cultivators, and therewith the Land Revenue, all that could be desired.

30. When in the North I partly read and partly had read to me by Victoria, A. Geikie's book on the scenery and geology of Scotland. Since my return I have gone through Mr. Hamerton's *Landscape*, which connects at many points with it, and is an admirable performance, full of suggestions and instruction. I quote a characteristic passage, a description of a night journey on the Saône:—

"The monotony of the apparently endless shores that made a band of darkness between water and sky, the resemblance of one reach to another, as we passed through an uncounted succession of reaches, each like a long, quiet pond, the difficulty of knowing exactly where we were, in the absence of definite

landmarks, the knowledge that we were slowly traversing a great plain that we could not see, the perfect silence, the solitude—as complete as if we had been in some unexplored country—all these influences, and that of the quiet stars, may have helped to make the river poetical that night. Still there were other influences also, and I believe that the most powerful of these had nothing to do with our immediate surroundings. We knew that the river flowed on for hundreds of miles before it reached the Mediterranean, that it passed through innumerable scenes of natural beauty and historical interest, that 'castled crags' and 'towered cities' were not rare along its course, that the complete absence of human interest which characterised it where we happened to be was by no means characteristic of the whole. We knew that Cæsar had crossed it with his legions, and the extreme slowness of the current where we sailed was associated for ever with one of his rare expressions that indicate some observation of nature. We knew that the dark shore to the right had been the frontier of the Kingdom of France, and the dark shore to the left the frontier of the great mediæval 'Empire,' so that to this day the bargemen neither say right and left, nor starboard and port, but 'Empire' and 'Royaume' still."

November

1. To see Professor A. Church's collection of precious stones. Some of his specimens are extremely fine. Those which I would most willingly have added to my own were a superlatively beautiful Amethyst and a Zircon, which

its proprietor very truly remarked looked like transparent gold.

3. Returned to York House from High Elms, whither we went on Saturday, and where a large party was gathered, including Sir Richard Temple and Sir Douglas Galton. Mr. Walter of the *Times* talked much to me about Oxford, where he took his degree just ten years before I did. It carried one back a long way to be told that he had heard Newman preach a sermon at St. Mary's which was afterwards published as No. 85 in the *Tracts for the Times.*

Another of our subjects was Father Anderdon, S.J., who died lately in the odour of sanctity. Religious ideas took possession of his mind very early. Even when they were at Oxford together, he said to Mr. Walter that "the greatest of all pleasures was self-denial." His brother, who was my contemporary at Balliol, took an entirely different view of life, both in theory and practice, effectually redressing the balance of the family. He was chiefly remarkable for an Apollino kind of beauty, and died early.

Dyer told me last week that Wolfe's lines:—

> "If I had thought thou could'st have died,
> I might not weep for thee;
> But I forgot when by thy side,
> That thou could'st mortal be."

did not refer to any tragic event in the author's life, but

had been simply written to give articulate expression to the feelings conveyed to his mind by an Irish air called "Grammachree." I read the same statement to-day in Wolfe's Memoirs.

4. I have just finished Froude's *Life of Lord Beaconsfield.* It is full, of course, of opinions with which I entirely disagree. Of these, according to my custom, I take no notice here; but I may jot down one or two matters of fact which the perusal of the book suggests to me.

Have I ever recorded the history of Disraeli's not getting office in 1841, as told me by the last Lord Houghton? He said that when it became pretty clear that the Melbourne Government was going to pieces, the present Lord Cottesloe, who was then Opposition Whip in the House of Commons, said to him: "Milnes, it is very evident that we are coming in. You know the young men much better than I do. Whom ought we to bring forward?"

"Undoubtedly, George Smythe," was the reply, "but above all, Disraeli."

"Well, so I think," rejoined the other, "and so does Sir Robert; but the fact is, that Lord Stanley detests him to such a degree, that he would not form a part of any combination in which Disraeli was included, in however humble a position."

Disraeli's real motives in his onslaught upon Peel were frankly explained by the best authority near the end of

his days. Finding himself sitting next Mrs. Stonor at dinner, he said to her: "I am afraid it is disagreeable to you to be brought into such close relations with one who attacked your father so fiercely; but it was such a fine opportunity for a young man!" Later in the same conversation, he said: "You have seen a little dog barking at a big dog. I was that little dog!"

On page 174 we have a portion of Disraeli's speech at Oxford, in 1864, which was not delivered, as Froude states, at a Diocesan Conference, but, as Dyer, who was present, tells me, at a meeting connected with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The same authority informs me that the phrase "I am on the side of the Angels" was delivered as a sort of aside to amuse the undergraduates.

I thought the following passage about the most valuable thing in the book:—

"The Penal Laws are considered an atrocity. They were borrowed from the terms of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Voltaire, an impartial witness on such a subject, was able to use language about Ireland during the time when they were in force, which deserves more attention than it has met with:—'Ce pays est toujours resté sous la domination de l'Angleterre, mais inculte, pauvre et inutile jusqu'à ce qu'enfin dans le dix-huitième siècle l'agriculture, les manufactures, les arts, les sciences, tout s'y est perfectionné, et l'Irlande, quoique subjugée, est dévenue une des plus florissantes provinces de l'Europe (*Essai sur les Mœurs.*) So Ireland appeared to

the keenest eye in Europe at the time when it is the fashion to say that she was groaning under the hatefullest tyranny."

5. To Mrs. Halsey's, where Mrs. Strachey read Ford's *Broken Heart*. I was not much interested till we got to the last scene, which is extremely striking, and the *dénoûment* has the merit of the unexpected in the highest possible degree. Stephen dined with us, better, but by no means as well as I could wish. It was the anniversary of our great walk together from his father's house in Westbourne Terrace to Reigate, on the day made memorable by the battle of Inkerman.

Our conversation was not of the gayest. It turned partly on the phrase, "What strikes me as most strange is that I have no future," which was used last summer by Hübner, the one of all my friends who has the best title to apply to himself the words of Ulysses:—

> "I am become a name,
> For ever wandering with a hungry heart.
> Much have I seen and known: cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> Myself not least, but honoured of them all."

I received this morning a letter from Arthur Russell in which he says:—

"How well Scherer describes the feelings of advancing age:—'Non, je ne suis pas fait pour une époque de transformation universelle comme la nôtre, mes sympathies sont pour le

passé—Ainsi je me vois entrainé par les convictions de mon esprit vers un avenir qui ne m'inspire ni intérêt ni confiance.' Our children do not feel these anxieties."

10. Sidney Colvin, Mackenzie Wallace, and others with us. The last-named has just come back from visits to Crete, Athens, Constantinople and Sofia, from which places he has been writing to the *Times*, so that I knew some of his conclusions. I was not prepared to find him so much struck with the beauty of Sphakia. One ravine there, in the nature of an American cañon, he put above anything of the kind he had ever seen. While costume still survives in some parts of Greece, it has, oddly enough, entirely disappeared from Maina, where dress is as commonplace as Vienna cheap clothing can make it.

11. Went up to the Geographical Council Club Dinner and Evening Meeting. At the first there was a very full attendance and much business. The Duke of Fife took his seat, and Mr. Maudslay, just starting once more for Central America, took leave. At the dinner I had Mr. H. H. Johnston on my right, and Mr. Stow, of diamond fame, on my left. Amongst other interesting things, the latter mentioned that in the year 1869 he had started with some friends on a shooting expedition in the interior of South Africa, when they were deflected from their route and purpose by the extraordinary tales which they heard of diamond discoveries. They went to the spot where these

had been made, and were shown many crystals which were not diamonds.

Presently they were taking shelter in a very poor hut; but looking out from the interior of it, Mr. Stow saw something glistening in the sun. Half in jest he said: "There's a diamond." And a diamond sure enough it was. Shortly afterwards a companion saw the point of something sticking out from the mud with which the walls were plastered; he picked it out with his finger-nail, and this too was a diamond. From the latter incident arose a legend that the walls in those parts were habitually plastered with diamonds!

Mr. Johnston's paper described very agreeably, with illustrations which came well out under the magic lantern, his journey *viâ* the Chindé Mouth to the Main Stream of the Zambesi, thence to the Shiré, Lake Nyassa and Tanganyika.

In the evening I gave, in the Town Hall at Twickenham, a second address on "Some of the less known poets of the reign."

13. Adrian writes from Gibraltar:—

"Straws show the way the current runs. When German and English ships lie in harbour they can both land their men together; but if Germans lie with Russians, French or Americans, they must take turn about."

15. Sent back to the London Library M. de Bled's book,

Le Prince de Ligne et ses Contemporains, which is sufficiently amusing. Much the longest paper in it is given to the wittiest of warriors. A few of his innumerable good things are conveniently put together on page 39:—

"Un marquis ennuyeux l'aborde en baillant:—'C'est ce que j'allais vous dire', s'écrie-t-il. On étalait avant un mariage les cadeaux du prétendu à sa fiancée:—'Je trouve,' observe-t-il, 'que le présent vaut mieux que le futur . . . court après l'esprit —je parie pour l'esprit.' Une princesse, sa parente, etait fort entichée de noblesse, Ligne s'approche de sa fénêtre, ferme soigneusement les rideaux et répond à ses signes d'interrogation: 'C'est la lune, elle n'a pas quatre quartiers et ne doit pas entrer chez vous.' Un ami de Versailles lui demandant d'être son temoin et de lui prêter pour le combat sa terre de Bel-Œil, il mande cet ordre à son intendant: 'Faites qu'il y ait à déjeûner pour quatre et à souper pour trois.'"

I did not know that a jest which has become so trite had had so respectable an origin.

Here, too, is a highly characteristic scene from the midst of the calm which preceded the great storm of the Revolution:—

"Un soir la reine Marie-Antoinette ayant demandé au duc d'Orléans des détails sur les femmes qu'il avait vues dans la journée à la promenade de Longchamp, 'Madame,' répondit-il, 'il y en avait de deux sortes, les passables et les passées.' La duchesse de Brionne, prenant la dernière des épithètes pour son compte, fut outrée de cette impolitesse et repliqua, 'Il parait que Monseigneur se connaît mieux en signalements qu'en signaux' [allusion an combat d'Ouessant, où l'on pretendait que

le duc d'Orléans avait empêché son vaisseau de répondre aux signaux de l'Amiral d'Orvilliers]. Après la réponse de Madame de Brionne, la reine se leva pour entrer dans ses grands appartements; le duc d'Orleans la suivit. Mais arrivé à la porte, il se recula pour laisser passer la duchesse avant lui, ajoutant railleusement 'Beauté, passez.' 'Comme votre réputation, Monseigneur' dit-elle, 'et elle accompagna ce trait sanglant d'une profonde révérence.'"

Hampden writes, giving an account of a recent visit to Lemnos. He says:—

"The place is almost as barren as the desert just outside Suez, but there is a good harbour."

I see on referring to Smith's Dictionary that his description of Hephæstus's island is only too true; it seems to be little better than a mass of volcanic rock covering some 150 square miles.

16. A very rapid journey from Algeria was lately mentioned to me, and I asked my informant to get the exact particulars, which he has sent me, under the hand of the gentleman who made the journey.

He left an inn in the gorge of the Chiffa (see these Notes for 1878) about 6 A.M. on a Tuesday, rode to Blidah, took the train to Algiers, left that place at mid-day, reached Marseilles in about twenty-five hours, caught the *train de luxe* for Paris, reached that place at 6 A.M. on Thursday, drove across it, reached Pangbourne at about 8.30, his home at Bradfield, in Berkshire, at about 9.15, dressed

there, and was at a ball in the neighbourhood by 10.30.

Sir Edward Hertslet told me to-day that his grandfather had entered the service of the Foreign Office as a Royal Messenger in or about 1793, when one of the incidents of duty might have been to ride from Constantinople to St. Petersburg, or to pass in the same way through a Hungarian forest with the wolves upon your track. The Royal Messengers were allowed then to make a profit of a shilling a mile, which does not seem excessive!

Sir Edward's father became a member of the Foreign Office at fourteen, in, I think, 1802, and remained in it till 1875. Sir Edward himself joined it at sixteen, and is now between sixty and seventy.

23. Mr. H. H. Johnston came down to spend some hours. We talked about the relations of the English and Portuguese in Africa. That naturally led to conversation about Portugal, and he mentioned that in the Algarve, which he evidently much likes, the churches are, for the most part, mosques converted to Christian uses. He gave, too, a very amusing description of his feelings when, on visiting a menagerie at Liverpool, its keeper, wishing to do him all honour, took him into a large room, and saying, "Now I will show you something very curious," proceeded to unlock the cage of two fine young lions, nearly full grown, who immediately began to gambol around them in a

manner which suited the nerves of their owner a great deal better than his.

Pleasant too was his account of his visit to an ancient priory on the borders of Kent and Sussex, now inhabited by two ladies. The picture made by the grey old house, the tall yew hedges, and some fifty magnificent peacocks collected on the lawn—their breasts gleaming under floods of sunlight—must have been very striking.

24. To the Geographical Council, Club Dinner and Meeting. At the first the Secretary read to us a letter in which we were officially informed that the Congress of Ecuador had passed a Bill for the purpose of changing the designation of the Galapăgos Group into that of the Colon Islands, and re-christening all its different component parts which had mostly English names. We were just beginning to feel horrified at the amount of confusion which this would cause, when he arrived at the last paragraph which chronicled the fact that the President had vetoed the Bill in question!

At the Meeting the Paper, which was upon Mashona and Matabele Land, was read by Mr. Maund, who being in bad health, was unable to dine with us.

26. Arthur Russell writes:—

"Father Burke reminds me of a story Odo told me: Father Malooley had invited him to meet Father Burke at supper with the Irish Monks of San Clemente. During the supper the fire

nearly went out, and the President of the Inquisition, a most inoffensive Italian Dominican, who now enjoys a sinecure, went down on his knees and tried, by blowing into the charcoal, to revive the flame. Father Burke looked at my brother, nodded, and said: 'Ah! if he had a heretic here at hand he would make a fire fast enough!'"

I lit to-day upon a curious echo of the past—a quizzical but happily-imagined conclusion for Arthur Stanley's Inaugural Lecture on Ecclesiastical History, at Oxford, written and sent to me by George Boyle just before our friend entered on his duties:—

"I cannot conclude the first of my lectures in this place without attempting to recall the memorable day when the lamented Arnold came from his great school to cheer with noble words the hungering students of our University. When I remember the vast crowd—the ardent boy-student and the grave disciplined senior, the leader of a remarkable theological movement and the followers of that great master—the rapture, the enthusiasm, the desire for further lore, I am carried back to the days when Hypatia harangued the Neoplatonists of Alexandria, and Peter Abelard swayed the Gallican youth with a tumultuous rhetoric and a remorseless logic; and still more does the memory of Lanfranc and Anselm at Bec, of Dunstan at Glastonbury, of the erudite Erasmus at Rotterdam or Basle, of Stewart in the cold capital of the North, and Michelet in the University of Paris, confound the reason and subdue the sense. Carried into the past, and wafted into the future, the student of Ecclesiastical History must at once endeavour to be firm and plastic, authentic, yet judicious, ardent, yet temperate. He must not in his admiration for Athanasius and Cyprian forget what is due to John Wesley and Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

He must adjust the claims of Bull and Bunyan, and allot fit niches in the temple of the world's worthies to Marcion and Milman, to Elizabeth of Hungary and Elizabeth Fry, to Theodore of Mopsuestia and Theodore Parker. He must remember, above all, to be eclectic, not forgetting the spirit of love—'For love's a flower that will not fade.'"—Vide *Christian Year.*

29. I have finished in these last days the third volume of Renan's *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël.* He attaches immense importance to Jeremiah, saying of him :—

"Il ajoute un facteur essentiel à l'œuvre humaine ; Jérémie est, avant Jean Baptiste, l'homme qui a le plus contribué à la fondation du christianisme ; il doit compter, malgré la distance des siècles, entre les précurseurs immédiats de Jésus."

After a very curious passage, in which he compares the philosophical situation of the Jews just before the Captivity with that of those persons at the present day who agree with Jeremiah in disbelieving in a future existence, he adds :—

"Jérémie s'en tirait en persuadant à ses contemporains que les événements du monde depuis la pluie et la sécheresse, jusqu' aux revolutions des Empires, étaient ménagés pour récompenser ou punir les enfants d'Israel. Cette ressource nous est aussi enlevée. Mais nous avons celle du psalmiste, les larmes sécrètes, l'épanchement du cœur avouant son trouble. Voila pourquoi les Psaumes, quand tout le reste s'en va, restent notre livre de prières, notre chant interieur, notre éternelle consolation.

"Une chose capitale naissait, la piété, la piété independante

de tout dogme, consolation et force de la vie. Une expression exquise 'Chercher Dieu' resumait la religion dans ce qu'elle a d'intime et de vrai. Pour exprimer l'acte de la priere l'hébreu ancien eut des mots d'une rare finesse—Plus tard, les traducteurs Chrétiens y mirent des nuances encore plus fines. La version Latine des Psaumes, grâce à une série de délicieux contre-sens, effaça ce que l'original hébreu a parfois d'un peu mat. Elle idéalisa les plus lourdes images, elle rendit l'inintelligible touchant, la monotonie pleine de charme. L'Eglise en composa le'bréviaire, l'électuaire exquis du sommeil pieux."

December

1. Returned to York House from Bearwood, Mr. Walter's place near Wokingham, in Berkshire. The house, which bears date something more than a quarter of a century back, is very large and exceptionally well built. Round it spread extensive grounds, particularly rich in Rhododendrons and their allies. There was a cheerful party, amongst others, Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow, whom I had not seen since they lunched with us at Madras, Miss Paterson, a grand-niece of Erskine of Linlathen, and Mr. James MacNabb, who received us when we were at Delhi, on our way to Simla.

Conversation turned, of course, a good deal on the dissensions which have, in these last days, broken out in the

Home Rule Camp, and Mr. Walter, who has had so much to suffer in defending the cause of good sense and good government against its united efforts, was entirely "dans son droit" when he applied to Gladstone the 18th verse of the 50th Psalm.

He and I talked, as at High Elms, a good deal about the Newman family, and he showed me an extremely interesting autograph letter written by the Cardinal to the *Times*, after the publication of Tract 90, but before his secession. It was signed "Live and let live"—its object being to urge the Ecclesiastical Authorities of that day to let him and his friends remain undisturbed in the Church of England, to convert others if they were the stronger, or to be converted themselves if they turned out to be the weaker controversialists. Mr. Walter, seeing, I suppose, more clearly than Newman did himself, that he must eventually go over, declined to publish the letter, which he now took out of his desk and put into my hands.

Another extremely interesting possession which he showed me was a scrap-book kept by Napoleon III., to which, during several years, the Emperor had consigned every paragraph in the *Times* relating to himself or French affairs, annotating, or getting annotated, each passage with great care. The book was kept most systematically, and had an index in a thin separate volume.

Both Mr. Walter and his father have collected pictures,

mostly of the Dutch School. Over the fireplace at one end of the gallery there is a Ruysdael, which Mr. Walter believes to be one of the finest known, representing the castle of Bentheim, on the Neckar. The *pendant* to this picture over the opposite fireplace, is a Hobbema, of not less importance. Paul Potter, Mieris, Ostade, and many others are well represented.

We talked a little about the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce). Mr. Walter told me that he once walked with him to a tower which he had built on his own property. When they reached it, they found the door locked and an inscription on it, from the hand of some local wag: "Knock, and it will bide as it is!"

2. Dined with The Club. Arthur Russell, Lord Carlisle, Reeve, Lecky, who was in the chair, and Lord Derby making the party.

We talked of Cousin's conversation. I asked Reeve if he thought it better than Villemain's. He said that he had never known Villemain well enough to compare the two; but that he put Cousin's very high—higher than I, with no doubt a much slighter acquaintance with it, should be inclined to do.

Arthur Russell quoted a speech of Cousin's, very characteristic of the man as I remember him:—

"Oh, mon jeune ami, fuyez l'exageration, restez Whig, voilà la bénédiction d'un vieux philosophe!"

3. With Arthur Russell, at whose house I am staying, to Grillion's, where we found a very large party. He was at the opposite end of the table from me, and my immediate neighbours were Sir Edgar Boehm on the right, and Lord Mount-Edgecumbe on the left; Robert Meade and Charles Bowen being also near.

We talked, amongst other things, of the letter "h." The name of Lady St. Levan came up in that connection, with reference to her excellent answer to some one who asked her who was St. Levan. "I am sure I don't know," she said, "but he must have been an odd sort of saint, for he was clearly half *L* and half *evan!*"

8. George Bunsen, the Leckys, and Mrs. Greg, who came hither on the 6th, leave us to-day.

Bunsen talked of Treitschke and his teachings, specifically Prussian, not even Germanic in its Chauvinism, of the absence of almost any international influences in the German society of the day, of the curious fact that pessimism first invaded the Fatherland after the grand successes of 1870-71, of the Emperor's recent speech about Education—its merits and defects, of Hinzpeter—his antecedents and influence, of Koch and his researches, of Helmholtz and of the younger Hegel—a pillar of all anti-Liberalism. He mentioned that the Duke of Wellington had said that the Archduke Charles would have been a greater commander than either Napoleon or himself, if

he could have kept his attention through a whole battle.

He said that Keudell, having been once asked whether Bismarck was not very gruff to those about him, said: "Oh, no. He treats us much as a gentleman might treat the servants whom he suspected of stealing his silver spoons!"

We talked of Goethe and of his love for Lili, which some one (was it Margaret Fuller Ossoli?) said—I think truly—"was the truest love he ever knew," and Bunsen remarked that Lili's family broke off the relations of their daughter with Goethe simply because they thought that he was not likely to get on in the world. "I have met," he added, "a lady, the wife of a general officer, who deliberately, and in terms, refused Bismarck for the same reason."

Rome came up, and Bunsen told us that Alexander von Humboldt had said that he needed only to know a man's feeling about that city to be able to gauge his character and intelligence.

Clara played some bars of the *Lorelei*, and Bunsen surprised me by saying that the legend which underlies the beautiful song, which all Germany and half the rest of Europe know, was the product of Heine's own brain. It had no existence before him.

He gave, on the authority of Gifford Palgrave, a curious

account of Sir Francis Palgrave's death. After having been so long identified with Toryism and the Anglican Church, his old associations seem to have revived in his last moments. He made signs to have a book of Jewish prayers taken down from his shelves, and with it open before him he passed away.

Bunsen had been much struck by a scene at the great Medical Congress held this year in Berlin. When the representative of the Italian Government was called, up rose Barcelli—some six foot three high, and broad in proportion. In the deepest of voices he began:—

"Vos medicos Latine alloquor, Latine quia Latinus sum!"

Mr. Bancroft, soon after his appointment as Minister to the Court of Berlin, came in great tribulation to Bunsen and said: "I have been to-day to present my credentials, but have committed some frightful blunder."

"What can have happened?" said his friend.

"I was told," rejoined Mr. Bancroft, "that it was the right thing to make a short speech, and I did so."

"You did well, it is the custom. What did you say?"

"Remembering that it was Goethe's birthday, I began by observing that I was fortunate indeed in having to appear before His Majesty on the anniversary of the birth of Germany's greatest poet. Instantly both the Emperor and Bismarck burst into fits of laughter!"

When Goethe's statue was unveiled in Berlin, Bunsen went on to relate, the Emperor took no part in the ceremony. He reserved that mark of attention for generals.

Lecky mentioned also a joke, said to be current in the city since the great financial collapse: "The Rothschilds were never so over*bearing*."

Mrs. Bishop sends me the following extract from a letter addressed to her by the Vicomte de Meaux, who married a daughter of Montalembert, and whose acquaintance I made in Paris, at his mother-in-law's house, in 1881:—

"Comme j'aurais voulu parler encore de cette question avec notre amie Madame Craven. Je l'ai entrevue, il y a quelques jours comme je traversais Paris. On la retrouve sur sa chaise-longue avec sa bonne mine et sa bonne grâce. Elle sourit de l'aimable sourire que vous lui connaissez, à quelques amis qui l'entourent; elle comprend ce qu'ils lui disent, et ce qu'ils disent autour d'elle. Mais helas! elle ne se fait comprendre que par des gestes affectueux."

10. My wife and Clara went off to stay with the Seelys, near Nottingham—I to Salisbury, where I dined and slept at the Deanery, after having opened the Free Library with a speech.

George Boyle and I beat over many subjects. Amongst other things, he told me that he made recently in Bath the acquaintance of an old bookseller, who remembered in his printer's-devil days having gone for some copy to

Mr. Landor's house. He found the poet at dinner, with several persons, amongst whom was Louis Napoleon. Just as he entered the room, he heard the future Emperor say: "If I am ever at the head of the government of France"—to which his host replied, "Well, they will indeed have fallen very low if they are obliged to take such a republican as you!" The Dean repeated also a story to the effect that Trench, the Archbishop of Dublin, when aged and crippled, had been swept over by a sudden gust of wind, at the corner of Merrion Square. An old applewoman came to the rescue, and the primate was profuse in his gratitude. "Sure," said his friend, "haven't I often seen my father in the same condition?"

After a rapid dinner, side by side with Lubbock, at the Athenæum, and running down to Richmond, I moved the vote of thanks at a lecture given by Mr. Churton Collins, on the "True Use of Books." He quoted, in the course of it, a fine passage from the *Grammar of Assent*, in which Cardinal Newman points out how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, which come back to a man after he has had experience of life,

"and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morn-

ing or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival. Perhaps this is the reason of the mediæval opinion about Virgil, as if a prophet or magician ; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

13. The *Times* announces the sudden death of Sir Edgar Boehm. As already mentioned, I sat next him at Grillion's on the 3rd. The last subject of which we talked was the fantastic idea recently put forward that we should restore the Elgin Marbles to Greece! He told me that a young M.P. had come to him some years ago, and asked what his feelings would be if a motion to that effect were carried. "What would be my feelings?" was the encouraging response; "I would curse you with my dying breath!"

Bunsen writes from Berlin :—

"We had a *glorious* journey. I wish you could have looked with us upon the north side of Cologne Cathedral near midnight of the Friday, the firmament all glittering with stars around the spire visible to us, and the front of this same spire illuminated just sufficiently to make it, what it really is, a perfect lyrical poem."

15. Mr. C. N. Eliot, from St. Petersburg, came to us on the 13th, and left to-day. We had much Russian and

other talk, in the course of which he mentioned, on the authority of an Oxford man, who has given himself to the study of Eastern Liturgies and Church Music, that our existing system of musical notation is derived from the Greek accents.

I have had occasion to exchange one or two letters lately with the Comte de Paris, on geographical business. In the first of his he remarked:—

"It is never without a feeling of emotion that I see the name of York House, Twickenham, a place so intimately associated with the first years of my married life. I thank you for the way in which you allude to it."

Webster writes from Edgehill:—

"Did I ever tell you that the Rectorship[1] was pressed on Thackeray by some of the students? Here is a passage from a letter of his to me of 1858, apropos of his contest for Oxford:—

"'I don't know when I shall have another thousand pounds to spare for an election fight—but having tasted of the excitement, have a strong inclination to repeat it. Novel spinning is not enough occupation for a man of six-and-forty, and though I am so dilatory with my own work, I think I should be all the better for having a good deal more. Did you hear that some of your young gentlemen wanted to make a Lord Rector of me? "Domine non sum dignus." They should go for graver characters than satirical novelists, and Lord Mahon is just the proper man you ought to have for that quaint office.'"

16. I have attended seven out of twelve lectures upon Dante, which have been given since the end of September

[1] *I.e.*, of Marischal College and University.

at Richmond, in connection with the University Extension Movement; and to-day, at the request of the managers, thanked the lecturer, Mr. Wicksteed, pointing out that it was no slight testimony to Dante's greatness that he should, after nearly six centuries, have completely dominated a man who belonged to a school of opinion so alien to his own. Mr. Wicksteed translated from the Dutch the *Bible for Young People*, mentioned on an earlier page of these Notes, a book steeped in the ideas of Leyden and Tübingen.

Dined at The Club, to which we added Robert Herbert.

27. Clara has a poem on the *Old Year* in to-day's *Spectator*. She had also one, the first she published, called *Fairy Voices*, in the *Leisure Hour* for November.

29. I have finished running, not reading, through Lord Houghton's life—by Mr. Wemyss Reid. Houghton was twenty years my senior, and entered Parliament in 1837—I not till 1857. I had expected accordingly to find a great many more interesting things than I have found about the people just before my time. The life is written by letters, an imperfect method according to my ideas, although the biographer would say, with perfect truth, that he used the best materials he had got. It is strange that a man who led the kind of life which was led by Houghton did not keep a careful diary. I note a few things which have struck me.

There are few better things in the book than Mr. Aubrey de Vere's sketch of Houghton, as he was in 1831. Excellent is a remark of Houghton's own about the Roman Church, on page 197:—

"She never forgot that her foot was on the earth, though her head was in heaven."

A gentleman who had become a Catholic—after passing through the High Church phase—expressed the same idea more jocosely to ———:

"If you confess such and such to a High Church clergyman, he moves heaven and earth. If you confess the same to a Catholic priest, he takes a pinch of snuff."

At page 267, Carlyle writes of a sermon which he heard at Fryston:—

"The droning hollowness of the poor old man, droning as out of old ages, of old eternities, things unspeakable, into things unhearable, empty as the braying of an ass, was infinitely pathetic in that mood of mine."

Worth remembering, too, is the observation made by Peel as he threw down on the floor Gladstone's essay on *Church and State*:—

"That young man will ruin his fine political career if he persists in writing trash like this." (See page 316).

The quarrel with George Smythe, recorded on page 416, reads strangely in connection with the conversation with

Fremantle, mentioned by me a few pages back. Who wrote the distich, quoted by Eliot Warburton, on page 449? He writes to Houghton:—"Do your

> "'Yesterdays look backward with a smile,
> Nor wound you like the Parthians as they fly?'"

A good French saying about the Queen's evening entrance into Paris is given at page 517:—

> "Elle est entrée comme une chauve-souris."

At page 524 a remark of Miss Nightingale's is quoted. They had been talking about a sisterhood, and she said:

> "It will never do unless we have a Church of which the terms of membership shall be works, not doctrines."

Vol. II. page 3.—I see that the phrase connected on an earlier page of these Notes with the name of another statesman is assigned to Lord Grey.

> "I think, too," writes Lord Houghton to Sir Charles MacCarthy, "that the severe dulness of the House of Lords, which Lord Grey used to call, 'speaking to dead men by torch-light,' would have suited my nervous temperament."

Page 6.—I quite shared the admiration of Fox of Oldham which the then Speaker expressed in 1856 to Mr. Pemberton Milnes. I was not long in the house with him; but the silvery voice which proceeded from the strange little creature, who looked like Noah in a child's

ark, was most attractive, and what it conveyed was worth hearing.

Page 30.—

"Arthur Russell," writes Lord Houghton, "is a charming companion. I am amused at the astonishment of foreigners at the *finesse* of his *esprit*, and his knowledge of the languages."

Page 120.—

"I was talking," Houghton tells his wife, "about my coma, and the time it usually comes on, on which Lord Stanley remarked: 'Then you will be generally insensible in the House of Lords, between five and seven, and of great use to your party.'

At page 253 there is an excellent letter to Gladstone, about the demon—

"Not of demagogism, but of demophilism, that was tempting him sorely." "I am," adds Houghton, "no alarmist, but it is undeniable that a new, and thoroughly false conception of the relations of work and wealth is invading European Society, of which the Paris Commune is the last expression. Therefore, any word from such a man as you, implying that you look on individual wealth as anything else than a reserve of public wealth, and that there can be any antagonism between them, seems to me infinitely dangerous."

At page 355 we are told that Venables' house in Bolton Row, where the Breakfast Club often met, was the scene of the death of Frederick Maurice, and of the reception of Manning into the Catholic Church. When its owner

mentioned this fact to Houghton, he improvised for it the following inscription :—

"Ex Hac Domo
Fredericus Maurice
Ad Superos,
Henricus Manning
Ad Inferos
Transierunt."

It has amongst other merits this great one, that the second and fourth lines can be transposed so as to suit Protestant and Catholic alike.

At page 363 the story of Houghton's accident in Rotten Row, through his having been pulled off his pony by a young lady's curb rein, is told—but not the epigram which he wrote in consequence. I quote from memory :—

"Though from my fall I scarcely got a scratch,
Yet your loose riding might have cost me dear :
When next you throw your lasso—see you catch
Not an old poet, but a youthful peer !"

Two men figure very much as correspondents of Houghton, both of whom I knew and liked. The first is Sir Charles MacCarthy, a relative of Cardinal Wiseman's, who, helped in early life by Houghton, gradually rose to be Governor of Ceylon. I do not think his name occurs in these Notes, but I remember him as a well-informed and pleasant talker. The second is Henry Bright, the same of whom Lord Derby said to me : "He had two great tastes,

gardening and literature, but it was his lot to pass his life in Liverpool, where he could indulge very imperfectly either the one or the other." I have copies of his pleasant little books—*A Year in a Lancashire Garden* and *The English Flower Garden*—given me by himself. It was at his house that I stayed when I went down in the end of 1876 to deliver an address at the Liverpool Institute. He said to me one day: "There is a lady coming to dine who has got a very curious ghost story—I will try and get her to tell it to you."

This she did, and it ran as follows:[1]—She was staying at a house near New Galloway, in, I think, the later autumn; any how, at a period of the year when the darkness closed in early. She was lying on a sofa in her bedroom, opposite the fire, when the room suddenly began to fill with a white mist, and at the same time a feeling of powerlessness came over her. The mist gradually drew itself together into the form of a white figure leaning over the mantelpiece, and looking, if I recollect right, at a clock standing thereon. Mrs. ——— could see the fire through the figure. She lay staring at it, utterly unable to move or speak. Gradually it dispersed itself into a white mist, which in its turn vanished away; the spell of powerlessness was taken off her, and she rushed to look for her husband. Having found him, she told him what had occurred, and

[1] Substantially the same story is told by Mr. Hare.

insisted that they must leave the house immediately. He pointed out that that was impossible, but promised to go the next morning. After dinner the conversation turned upon apparitions, and the lady of the house said, "We have a ghost here, and, by-the-by, you have the haunted room"—proceeding to describe precisely the appearance which Mrs. ——— had seen. "Let the credit rest with the relater!"

Frequent mention is of course made in the book of Lady Houghton, whom I knew very slightly, and always found phenomenally silent. Indeed I remember only once having heard her make a remark which passed beyond the monosyllabic. That remark was, however, so true, that I have ever retained a high opinion of her sagacity. 'George Bunsen," she observed, "is one of the most agreeable men in Europe."

30. Arthur Russell went last autumn to Würzburg, and the happy idea struck him that he would write accounts of his visit to that place in the style of Amiel, and in that of Marie Bashkirtseff. These his second daughter has kindly copied for me, and I subjoin some fragments of both.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

J'ai quitté Mayence pour Würzbourg après le déjeuner. Que c'est amusant, quand on a pris sa place, de regarder les voyageurs attardés courir avec leurs paquets le long des

wagons, et s'évertuer en vain de fléchir la brutalité d'un conducteur Allemand! Un groupe d'étudiants ahuris par ma beauté me contemplaient stupidement. Pauvres gens, des artistes peut-être comme moi? Est-ce ma faute si je suis belle? Et la contemplation du Beau, est-elle donc repréhensible?

J'aurais dû ôter mon gant et leur permettre d'admirer ma main—mais le convoi etait deja en marche—tant pis!

A Würzbourg nous sommes descendus à l'hôtel du Prince. Il y a ici je crois, une Université, où des Professeurs expliquent la philosophie Allemande aux étudiants qui veulent bien leur fournir un auditoire—l'Absolu, l'Etre, et le non-Etre. Perte de temps precieux!

Les rues de cette ville, comme celles de Mayence suent l'ennui et la décadence; tout cela est triste, allons nous en.

. . . . . .

Dans le jardin j'ai jeté les miettes qui me restaient de mon déjeuner aux poissons rouges—ils nagent en cercle toujours, toujours, et n'arrivent jamais à la fin de leur voyage—tandis que nous—? Allons, allons pas de philosophie—et dans ce petit cercle, comme dans notre cercle un peu plus grand, c'étaient les gros poissons qui happaient les miettes que la fortune leur jetait, et les petits, les faibles, allaient au fond. Ah! tant pis! quelle sympathie peut on éprouver pour la faiblesse, l'indécision, la timidité? Non, c'est la force qui survit. Soyons fortes! Et gare à qui me barre le chemin! Sacré nom! je veux arriver—je le veux!

AMIEL.

Je me suis promené de bonne heure dans les rues de Würzbourg, où je suis arrivé de Mayence hier soir. Quels ravissants effets d'ombre et de lumière dans ces ruelles! Visité l'extérieure de l'Université. Ces petites villes universitaires

de l'Allemagne ont pour moi un charme indicible, un attrait mystérieux. C'est derrière ces murs, dans ces laboratoires, que s'élaborent les vérités qui transforment le monde (et les erreurs qui l'égarent aussi! hélas!). C'est de ces mansardes là haut que rayonnent les idées nouvelles; oui! mais c'est notre langue Française seule qui leur donne la clarté, la forme qui les rend acceptables et intelligibles à l'humanité entière. Ce jeune étudiant qui vient de passer, avec sa chevelure blonde, ses lunettes bleues, son portefeuille noir, sa casquette verte, son habit rapé, occupera peut-être dans peu d'années la chaise de Kant, de Hegel, de Strauss?

. . . . . .

Au bord du bassin une jeune personne étrangère, Polonaise, Russe peut-être, fixa mon attention. Sa belle main jetait du pain aux poissons rouges. Les gros poissons s'appropriaient la nourriture des petits et des faibles. J'ai contemplé plein de tristesse le combat pour l'existence, qui se déroulait à mes pieds dans ce cercle, image du monde. J'avais espéré oublier le Darwinisme, et la triomphe de la force brutale pendant mes courtes vacances, mais la vérité hideuse se dressait nue et grimaçante devant moi. Oh que tout cela est décourageant! triste, triste! oh mon Dieu! mon Dieu!

31. The obituary of the year in the *Times* of to-day reminds me of the death of Dr. Parry, the Bishop of Dover, who was an undergraduate with me at Balliol, and whom I much admired for the beauty of his Latin prose. In those days, he was known as "Impious Parry," though even then he was steady and orthodox enough to have been a Boy-Bishop, but the fact was that another member of the college had, before he came up, been christened "Pious Parry," and it was necessary to distinguish them.

1891

January

2. Lady Malmesbury[1] told me that somebody had once asked her mother the colour of the dress she was wearing.

"It is called," she replied, "flamme du Vésuve."

"You make," was the rejoinder, "a very pretty crater."

And so no doubt she did; for I can remember her a great deal more than pretty.

4. Mr. Pater spent the day with us. He and I went together to the little Catholic Chapel, and he remarked, as we talked about the Mass, on its wonderful wealth of suggestion. Other subjects were Plato, with whom he is, as always, much occupied, and of whose works he thinks a more photographic translation, than we yet have, is a *desideratum*. He spoke with much admiration of a sermon by Liddon on the 119th Psalm, and of the eloquent endings of Mansel's Bampton Lectures. He added also to my Manseliana.

[1] Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, widow of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in two Conservative Administrations.

The future Dean of St. Paul's was riding with a friend on Port Meadow, near Oxford, towards the end of March. The weather had been very bad, but had become rather milder.

"This is an illustration," remarked his companion, "of the old saying, that 'March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb.'"

"Very cold lamb though," said Mansel, shivering.

5. The *Times* announces the death of Kinglake. His deafness had long shut him out of society: he had a most painful malady and was close on eighty. I could not regret that he had gone to his rest; still the death of so old and attached a friend raises many thoughts.

6. Miss Gordon has read to me, in the translation of Mr. Havell, *Longinus on the Sublime*, which I have up to this time known only by name. As is the case with many ancient books, its very merits detract from its utility to the modern reader. So many of its ideas have become part of the common inheritance of educated men, that a good deal of it seems rather trite. I think I was most struck by the contrast between Demosthenes and Cicero, in chapter xii., and by the contrast between Hyperides and Demosthenes, in chapter xxxiv. As I lay aside the book, there come back to me the words of Castelar, from whom, by-the-by, I received a letter yesterday—the first I have had from him since I went to India:—

"Read all the treatises that have been written on the Sublime, and you will find it very hard to grasp the conception. It is difficult to explain a thrill which is felt twice or thrice in a lifetime: an idea of which there are only some half-a-dozen examples in history. But lift your eyes to the vault of the Sistine! there is the Sublime—there is the disproportion between our weak being and the infinite forces of an idea which oppresses and reduces us to nothing under its incommensurable grandeur. That is the Sublime—a pleasure in a pain."

12. Returned to York House from Stratton, whither I went on the 10th.

Evelyn Ashley mentioned that he had been in New York when the successful completion of telegraphic communication between England and America was being celebrated. One inscription ran as follows:—

"Here's to Benjamin Franklin, who invented lightning, and to Cyrus Field, who greased it."

I had forgotten a remark of Lowe's of which Ashley reminded me. A very deaf M.P. was doing his best to catch with his ear-trumpet the words of an extremely dull speech. "Just look at that foolish man," said Lowe, "throwing away his natural advantages."

Ashley likewise confirmed, on the authority of his father, the two stories about his grandfather which I have recorded in these Notes for 1889. He told us, too, that he had at Broadlands, to which he succeeded on the death of Lord Mount Temple, a very large collection of verse by

Lord Palmerston, and extensive art collections made by the father of the statesman, who gave his whole life to such pursuits. He left a brief diary, which has not been printed, kept at Paris during the Reign of Terror. Hardly any allusion is made to the horrors of the time, but many details are given with regard to his purchases.

Ward told us that Gladstone had said to Frederick Harrison:

"I have not yet read your book on Cromwell, but tell me, have your researches led you to think that he was a very great man?"

"Certainly!" replied the other.

"For example," said Gladstone, "do you think he was as great a man as the late Lord Althorp?"

Conversation strayed to a letter which appeared in the papers a day or two ago, in which Miss Anna Parnell urged a new departure in Irish Politics.

"I suppose," said Ward, "that just as we have had Baptists and Anabaptists, so we shall now have Parnellites and Annaparnellites."

Something was said of the very influential position which the Duke of Rutland holds in the present Cabinet, and I remembered that in one of the few conversations I ever had with Disraeli he remarked that he thought Lord John Manners was then (about thirty years ago) as good a man as Lord Russell had been at his age, and not at all unlike him.

19. To the Geographical Council, Club Dinner, and Meeting. At the second, Mr. Scott, of the Meteorological Office, sat next me. We talked about the long spell of cold weather we have been having of late.

I said, "I remember nothing like it."

"There is," he replied, "nothing like it on record. I do not mean in point of intensity, for we have had much severer frosts, but in point of duration. The winter of 1814 came nearest, but did not equal it. There has certainly been nothing like it in London for a hundred years."

I was surprised to learn from Mr. Buchan at the evening Meeting the extraordinary force of the wind at the Ben Nevis Observatory, where it sometimes blows at the rate of 120 miles an hour. The men are, on such occasions, quite unable to stand upright, and are obliged to crawl on their hands and knees.

20. Sat long with Arthur Russell, whom I saw to-day for the first time since, on the 14th, Gregory told me, at the Athenæum, that the Duke of Bedford was gone. I never knew him intimately, and am not at all sure that my estimate of his character is a correct one; but I had known him enough, for more than a generation, to be much interested in anything that concerned him, and to feel his disappearance from the scene a real loss.

It has always seemed to me most strange that one who

yielded to hardly anybody in his power of rapidly throwing back the ball of conversation, who was an excellent man of business, and came to the most correct conclusions in politics, never did anything considerable "in the world's ample witness." An admirable linguist, extremely well-informed as to all that was passing everywhere, he was a man of few books. An illustration of his curious knowledge of the Vulgate will be found in these Notes for 1887, and he was, I believe, not less *Bibelfest* in the Authorised Version; but what always struck me most was his extraordinary knowledge of *Faust*, which seemed to have become part of the very substance of his mind.

If, during the reign of his uncle, the last duke but one, things had been made easier for him, much might well have been different in his later life. He said to ——— that he knew what it was to have every income, from £200 to £200,000; and if I may judge from the figures which he showed me when I was staying at Endsleigh in 1866, he might have named a far larger figure than the second of these.

I shall like to think of him as I saw him at his house in London on the night of the third of December, more cheerful, as those around him thought, than he had been for a long time, wearing the blue ribbon of the Garter, the very type of a great English noble, whom a long acquaintance with men and things had disengaged from all the illusions of his order, save, perhaps, the

illusion of a too great worship of his estate, as a sort of personality distinct from its temporary possessor and those most closely connected with him. To myself, as the old ally of his brother, he was always most kind, and the last words which he spoke to me were on the subject of the long and close friendship which has, since the spring of 1858, formed so important a part of my life.

21. As Miss Gordon read to me a review of Newman's Anglican Letters, which have just appeared, there came back to my mind a story which George Boyle told me when I was last month at Salisbury. Conington once said to him: "I took Willie Gladstone the other day out for a walk, and, as we passed Littlemore, I said, 'This is Littlemore.' The remark elicited no response whatever. Then I realised for the first time that I belonged to a past generation!

22. Mr. Remenyi (see the Indian Volumes of these Notes), who came down last night to dine and sleep, left us this morning. He brought his violin, a wonderful Stradivarius, which he had picked up in, of all strange places, Grahamstown, and played, as usual, enchantingly.

His talk was exceedingly bright and good. He gave a curious account of the titular Prince of Solo, in Java, in whose territories four languages are used. In one of these a superior addresses an inferior; in another the inferior addresses the superior; in a third equal speaks to equal;

while the fourth, the Court language, is only used by a handful of persons, thirty-one in Solo, fifty-two or fifty-four somewhere else. A Dutch officer, who spoke all the four tongues, once laid a wager with the Resident that he would make the Prince of Solo speak to him in the Court language, and used it accordingly in addressing that personage. The great man was, however, quite equal to the occasion, for he replied in Malay, the Diplomatic language of Java:—

"You speak to me in the Court language, but you speak it so much better than I do that I cannot give myself away before the people who surround me, and will not attempt to address you in it!"

Lady Malmesbury having casually mentioned that she had seen the religious dancing in the cathedrals of Seville and Cordova, Mr. Remenyi said that the most beautiful dance he had ever beheld had been performed by the princesses at the Javanese Court above alluded to.

Other subjects were Cardinal Haynald; Kossuth, who is living in great poverty at Turin, refusing the many offers of help which are made to him; Klapka, whom he saw lately, a broken old man, with a long white beard; and the probable future of Hungary, of which Remenyi augured badly, believing that the next war would submerge it in the Roumanian and Slavonic flood, leaving, perhaps, to the Maygars some small autonomy.

Clara read to me a most interesting article by Acton upon Houghton's life, in the *Nineteenth Century* for last month. He writes:—

"Unfortunately Milnes, who heard so much, wrote down very little. He stays at Val Richer, but only tells us that Guizot's grandchild preferred jelly to hare. He pays a visit to Tocqueville, and has nothing to report. His memory was better furnished than his correspondence."

His neglect to write down interesting things recalls to me the anecdote which he told me in 1879, and which will be found in these Notes for 7th July in that year. The name of Dr. Lushington, which occurs therein, recalls to me a story which I do not owe to him—for I never saw him, to my knowledge—but to Arthur Stanley.

An uncle of Dr. Lushington's used to relate that when quite a young man, a very respectable individual one day said to him:

"It may interest you, perhaps, to know that you are in the company of a convicted highwayman. In very early youth I came up from the country to London, and lived a riotous life, till my money was exhausted. I confided the fact of its exhaustion to some of my wild companions, and told them that I must go away. They protested against this, saying that they had a better plan for me—that they lived by highway robbery, and that they were perfectly ready to make me their chief. After some demur I con-

sented, but said, 'I make one stipulation: there must be no cruelty.' They agreed, and for some time all went well. One night, however, I was watching the road between Slough and Windsor, when I was startled by hearing screams from a carriage, and hurrying up found, as I expected, that it had been stopped by some of my men, who were attempting to force a valuable ring from a lady's finger, but being unable to do so, were about to cut the finger off. I said, 'Remember your promise; there is to be no cruelty,' and sent them away. When I was left alone with the lady, she said: 'You seem fitted for a much better sort of life than that which you are leading. If you continue it, you will certainly get into trouble; but I am much beholden to you, and if you do get into trouble, send for me. I am Mrs. Masham.' I did get into trouble; I did communicate with Mrs. Masham, and here I am!"

27. De Tabley writes with reference to these Notes for December 1890:—

"The points which you have selected in Houghton's Diary are quite those best worth remembering. But I wish you had given there a general estimate of the man, of his use or uselessness, and of his character. I am perfectly at one with you as to his intellectual powers being far higher than the London world, the general public, or even his biographer, has placed them at. But as to the man, now his life is over, and we can judge of him as a whole, I am utterly at sea. Of course it is very easy to omit certain unpleasant features in Houghton, and to write even

a fulsome eulogy upon him which would be quite sufficiently true for the ordinary purposes of biography. But for you and for me, it is, I think, profitable to try and pass beyond this."

I did not make any general estimate of Houghton, for the very good reason that I cannot do so. I knew him on several sides, and admired him not a little on these, but I am quite aware that there were other sides which I did not know.

Dined with The Club, whither came Herbert for the first time. We had also Stephen, Hooker, Reeve and Maunde Thompson.

We talked of Lowe and of his first wife. Some one mentioned that she had said to him: "Robert, if you were as stingy in domestic matters as you are as Chancellor of the Exchequer I would go away and leave you altogether." "My dear," was the reply, "it is a great temptation!"

31. Breakfasted at Grillion's, Lord Stanhope in the chair. We elected Bryce, Lord Morris, and Lord Hannen.

I walked away with Lubbock and Gregory. The former took us to see the meeting-place of the County Council, o which he is now President. The latter, who had been sitting next Gladstone at the breakfast, told us that their talk had turned chiefly on swearing. He mentioned also that Gladstone had asked him if he remembered Lord Melbourne.

"Yes," he had replied; "when I was a very little boy my grandfather, who was then Under Secretary for Ireland, took me to the Chief Secretary's room, and formally introduced me to Lord Melbourne."

"Did he swear at you?" asked Gladstone.

"I do not remember that he did," rejoined Gregory, "but for that matter every one swore in those days. After I had been there some time, however, he said: 'Now, my boy, is there anything here you would like?' 'Yes,' I answered, pointing to a very large stick of sealing-wax. 'That's right,' said Lord Melbourne, pressing on me a bundle of pens, 'begin life early. All these things belong to the public, and your business must be always to get out of the public as much as you can.'"

"Highly immoral doctrine," remarked Gladstone.

Pursuing the same subject, Gregory likewise told us that he had heard at the Chapel in South Audley Street, somewhat later, an excellent sermon against swearing. As they were leaving the building, the father of the present Duke of Cambridge observed: "A damned good sermon, by God!"

February

2. Lunched with the Wilfrid Wards at an hotel, to meet her sister Mrs. O'Conor, and her brother-in-law, our representative at Sofia. Our host showed me a paper in which Huxley had briefly summed up the impression left upon him by his intercourse at the Metaphysical Society with Ward of the Ideal. It was exactly in the same tone as all that its author had said to me on the same subject when I sat next him at The Club last year, and as coming from a man who held diametrically opposite opinions, and lived in constant amicable warfare with Ward, it should do his memory some credit with posterity. Conversation strayed to Gladstone's foolish logomachies, and I read aloud an extract from a letter received this morning from Arthur Russell, in which he says :—

"Imagine my surprise reading the *Spectator* to find Huxley and Gladstone still quarrelling over the Gadarene swine, where we left them a year ago! The question is not settled yet; it is narrowed at last to this: If Gadara was Roman territory, then the herd was lawful property and the destruction of the pigs was immoral; if Gadara was Hebrew territory, then Huxley is beaten, and Christianity is not yet refuted, for the keeping of pigs was illegal. Q. E. D."

Dined with the Literary Society. Trevelyan, Hamley, Fletcher Moulton, the Dean of Westminster, and others

were there, but at the further end of the table. Near me were Sir Arthur Clay, Henry Doyle, and Coleridge. I think it was the first who repeated a good saying: "—— is forty years old; Gladstone is eighty years young."

We talked of Eastlake, some stories of whom were told, much to his honour. Doyle said: "It used to be amusing to see her sail into a room, while her husband slipped by in her wake," and I recalled the name which was given to the pair a generation ago: "Lago Maggiore and little Eastlake."

The name of the late Baron Dowse came up, and Coleridge told me that when we were all on the Treasury Bench together, some one said to Disraeli, "Don't you think Dowse is very like Socrates?"

The Leader of the Opposition put up his eye-glass, and after contemplating him for some moments, said: "About as like Socrates as Chichester Fortescue is like Alcibiades."

More generally appreciated will be a story which illustrates the ready wit and filial piety of ———. "I heard," said an acquaintance, "your father make such an excellent speech in the House of Lords."

"I am so very glad," was the reply; "we lost him about ten years ago, and I am highly gratified to hear that he has gone to so respectable a place."[1]

[1] The speech was delivered by the uncle, not the father, of the person addressed.

5. Mr. Oscar Browning, who dined and slept here last night, left us this morning. He came chiefly to talk about the Royal Historical Society, the Council of which has just nominated me for election as president in succession to Aberdare; the other two presidents, since the foundation of the institution, having been Grote and Lord Russell. Our talk, however, wandered in many directions. I asked him what current was the prevailing one amongst the ablest young men at Cambridge. He said that, as a rule, they cared little for politics proper and had no wish to go into professions, but were excessively interested in social matters, were very benevolent, led extremely simple, self-denying lives, and tried to connect themselves as much with the masses as possible. I thought of Clough, and asked whether any of them had put their feelings or ideas on these subjects into a literary form; but not much seems to have been done in this way. As I write, there comes back to me a happy saying of—was it Goldwin Smith?—about some Academic friend of the people in my generation: "His ideas of the people are nothing more than a hasty generalisation from his scout."

I received this evening from the press a list of our breakfasts from 1860 to the end of 1868, which I drew up last year from my old diaries. Arthur Russell was present at the first we gave, on 10th March 1860, and at the last, on 30th December 1868. There were, as I

count, 114 breakfasts in all: eight at 20 Queen Street, Mayfair, and 106 at 4 Queen's Gate Gardens. Strange to say, James Martineau and Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, who were at the first, are both alive. This series of breakfasts was interrupted by my becoming Under-Secretary of State for India, in December 1868; but the Breakfast Club, which grew out of Lacaita's gatherings and mine, has enabled some of those, who were most with us, to meet pretty frequently.

7. Arthur Russell, to whom, as in duty bound, I sent No. 1 of my Breakfast Lists, writes:—

"Curious how a dry catalogue can evoke a string of reminiscences which had receded to the background of memory. Your last work will become one of my favourite books!"

9. Returned to York House from Balliol, whither I went on the 7th to stay with the Master, and where we had the Coleridges, the Knutsfords, Mr. Justice Wright (just raised to the Bench), and Mr. William Peel, who, since his name was last mentioned in these Notes, has been to the Cape, whence he has come back full of enthusiasm for the flowers.

On Saturday there was a large party at dinner, including Albert Dicey (fresh from his vigorous speech in praise of Lord Hartington), Miss Wordsworth (the Head of Lady Margaret), and Miss Maitland (the Head of Somerville). Miss Sorabji, a young lady who is studying Law at the

latter institution, fell to me, and I soon found that my lot had been cast in pleasant places, for she was like no one I ever met, and made me think of Novella d'Andrea, the fair professor at Bologna, who gave her lectures with a curtain

> "Drawn before her,
> Lest if her charms were seen, the students
> Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,
> And quite forget their jurisprudence."

Before she, being now, I suppose, two or three and twenty, came to this country, she had lectured at Ahmedhabad on philosophy and literature to a class of some sixty young men!

Very early in our conversation Jowett said: "You must tell Sir Mountstuart your judgment of Solomon about the dog." This she proceeded to do. A dog, in an excited state, and supposed, of course, to be mad, rushed into the room of one of her Parsee pupils, who desired that the creature should be forcibly expelled. To this a Jain vehemently objected, saying that, for all he knew to the contrary, the soul of his grandfather might be in that dog. The contention waxed so hot between the pair, that for its settlement they had to appeal to superior authority. Miss Sorabji saw that her position was a difficult one, because, although not a Parsee but a Christian by religion, she was a Parsee by race, and would be suspected of a leaning to the

Parsee side of the question. She heard, accordingly, both the litigants with much patience, and at last gave her sentence as follows:—

"You," addressing the Parsee, "are quite justified in saying that you cannot afford the time, while you are reading for your degree, to be laid up by the bite of a dog, to say nothing of other serious consequences which might arise. You, on the other hand," addressing the Jain, "are quite justified in maintaining that the soul of your ancestor may be in the animal, and that it ought not to be treated with violence or contumely. The equitable arrangement will then be that you should go to the room where the dog is, and carry it thence honourably and tenderly."

In a very few minutes she beheld the intruder being dragged off the premises in the custody of a peon.

Coleridge was at his very best, and poured forth anecdotes, one better than another. We all longed for a perfected phonograph to record the wonderful inflections of his own voice, and his mimicry of the voices and *tournure de phrase* of others. I could dictate from memory a great many of them, but to little profit, for too much would evaporate in the process. Amongst those who passed before us were Baron Martin, Lord Chief Baron Pollock, Lord Eldon, and his Scotch semi-namesake John Clerk, Lord Eldin, Lord Cranworth, Baron Parke (afterwards Lord Wensleydale), the same whose monstrous love

of legal subtleties was satirized in an epitaph which I remember being proposed for him while he was still alive:

"Hic jacet Jacobus Parke qui leges Angliæ in absurdum reduxit."

Need I say that Lord Westbury also came upon the scene? I had been under the impression that it was of Lord Hatherley that that amiable person had said, when some one asked why the Chancellor disliked sitting by himself: "He retains the simple beliefs of his childhood, and fears to sit alone in the dark;" but it appears that the remark was really made about Lord Cranworth. Coleridge had much, too, to say about Chief-Justice Jarvis, whom I can remember on the Bench, but of whom I knew nothing except the observation attributed to him, that mankind was divided into two classes—the fools and the damned fools. He thanked God he had been born a fool. He would seem to have been a man of great ability, not overburdened, Coleridge thought, with scruples.

Stories about judges turn, I am afraid, only too often on the frightful injustice which is done by their idiosyncrasies, and, however they may amuse one, are not a pleasant subject for reflection.

I have never written down Lowe's epigram, which has been passing from mouth to mouth ever since the

revolt of the match girls was supposed to have killed his too celebrated budget:—

"'Ex luce lucellum,' we all of us know;
But if Lucy won't sell 'em, how then, Mr. Lowe?"[1]

A well-known ecclesiastic was mentioned, who, although a man of very considerable merit, had a knack of preaching absurd sermons. Addressing an audience of school-boys on the great contrasts of character sometimes observable in close juxtaposition, he said: "There was a Judas among the Apostles, there was a Ham in the Ark." A slight titter arose, which he endeavoured to repress by the remark: "Of course, I mean the person." He had been preaching astoundingly upon the young man in the Gospel who fled away naked, when some one coming out of church remarked to his companion, afterwards a well-known Indian Bishop: "What an extraordinary sermon he did preach!" "Ah!" was the reply, "you should have heard him on David dancing before the Ark!"

There were many stories, too, about Dr. Phillpotts, the once feared and famous Bishop of Exeter, who terrified some rustic churchwardens into re-building the wall of a churchyard, by threatening to issue the Greater Excommunication! but most of these stories were, like the legal ones, dependent on the dramatic perfection of the telling. Two, however, allow themselves to be detached

[1] The match tax had been withdrawn at the Cabinet of two days before—1900.

from what preceded and followed. A lady had bored him much by extravagant laudation of Bishopstowe, his house near Torquay, which she said was exactly like Switzerland. "Yes," he replied, "the only difference is that here there are no mountains, and there there is no sea."

Again, after a long interview with a shrewd man of business, who had come intending to get a very good bargain about certain mining royalties at the expense of the Bishop, the man said: "Well, I suppose I must sign; but your Lordship has got the lion's share." "At least," was the answer, "I have not got the share of the other animal, which is what you intended for me."

Nothing new that I heard in Coleridge's cataract of good anecdotes interested me more than a thing which had happened to himself. He had been listening in St. Mary's to Newman's famous sermon, "Elijah, the Prophet of the latter days" (which, by the way, Jowett also heard), when Tait, later Archbishop of Canterbury, overtook him in Brasenose Lane, and in allusion to the poem in the *Lyra Apostolica*, in which the Scotch Establishment figures as Samaria, said: "Mr. Coleridge, you see Samaria has come south." The point of the sermon was to emphasize the duty of remaining in the Church of England, in spite of its shortcomings and faults!

I had no idea that the famous answer attributed to Sydney Smith, when Landseer asked to paint him: "Is thy

servant a dog that he should do this thing?" was really invented by Lockhart. Landseer met Sydney Smith in the Park, and said to him: "You have heard the story they are telling about us?" "Oh yes," was the reply; "I don't mean to disclaim it if you don't."

On the 9th I saw Miss Smith and many other friends; went over Somerville with Miss Maitland; and was present after dinner at a concert in Balliol Hall, where Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* was beautifully given. Coleridge was expressing his admiration for it when I said: "You are not the first eminent judge who has been devoted to Pergolesi." What I was thinking of was the remark of the President de Brosses: "Parmi tous ces musiciens, mon auteur d'affection est Pergolèse. Ah! le joli génie, simple et naturel! On ne peut pas écrire avec plus de facilité, de grâce et de goût. Consolez moi dans mon affliction, j'en ai grand besoin; mon pauvre favori vient de mourir de la poitrine, à l'age de trente-trois ans."

The name of the present Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Stubbs, came up, and Coleridge told us that somebody had once been extremely excited because a person who had not a right to it had appeared in public with an Oxford hood. "It is," he said, "very great impudence." "It's worse than impudence," replied the Bishop, "it's a falsehood."

With another of his good things I am more familiar. He was walking away from a meeting with a friend, not too

famous for his discretion, who had been making some very unwise remarks, and who, commenting upon his own incontinence of speech, said: "Well, after all, I suppose the difference between men and monkeys is, that men can speak, and monkeys can't." "Don't you think you might rather put it in this way," asked the Bishop: "that the man knows when to hold his tongue and the monkey doesn't?"

Trevelyan writes of our Breakfast lists:—

"I am very much obliged for the record, which is extremely interesting in a most pleasant way. It is a wonderful list of all that was agreeable and alive in old days, and I am glad to see that so much remains."

De Tabley writes on the same subject:—

"When I first breakfasted with you, certainly there were fields in front of your dining-room. Indeed, while contributing to the Flora of Middlesex, I made several good records on what must have been within view of that same dining-room. Indeed the only time I ever found a decently grown plant of *Silene Noctiflora* was on a manure heap in the field but one opposite you, and not more than 300 yards from the dining-room. I also got the Archangel Nettle in the same field. Perhaps these records may be worth reviving as an illustration of the state of things then."

Lady Herbert of Lea sends me a letter from Madame Cochin, giving a sad account of Mrs. Craven, the worst we have had yet. She says:—

"Elle est toujours sans parole, mais si douce, si resignée, si grave. Elle ne veut plus entendre lire que ses prières."

And again:

"Le père Matignon vient la voir deux fois par semaine. Elle recoit souvent la communion, mais elle n'a pas eu la messe. Ce n'est pas la faute de l'Archevêque, ou des siens, mais il fallait transformer son petit salon, et elle est tellement agitée de cette pensée, de la crainte que ce fût mal fait qu'on n'a pas osé poursuivre l'idée."

Aberdare writes:—

"Many thanks; I shall treasure your B.C. List as a record of the pleasantest social gatherings I have ever known, and of the names of men, many of whom occupy a large place in our contemporary history, and for many of whom I have a warm affection. I see that I flitted like an uncertain meteor at your table, until I became a fixed star in 1866. But what an appetite for breakfasts you had in those days! For, between 1866-68, while the Breakfast Club was in its youthful vigour, you carried on contemporaneous entertainments *des mieux nourris*."

11. Mr. J. R. Byrne came down to lunch, and mentioned on Lord Ebury's authority a happy motto which had been proposed for him when he was made a peer—"Ebure quid nitidius." Lubbock was also with us, and my wife talked to him of our voyage in the *Investigator* along the western coast of India, and of the strange creatures which were brought up by the dredge. "Yes," he said, "the surface population of the sea is very wonderful, often like animal dreams."

13. Acton writes:—

"I have not read without emotion the record of our younger

days, and it will be precious to the few survivors. I was your guest about thirty times, and I remember some pointed incident of almost each occasion. I see with confusion that I was once Helmholtz's neighbour without knowing it!"

I received this morning from a dealer the bronze medal struck in 1778 by the Cardinal of York as Henry the Ninth, with the famous inscription:

"Non Desideriis Hominum Sed Voluntate Dei."

It is the work of G. Hamerani, and is in admirable preservation.

My thoughts went back to a fine sentence of Lord Stanhope's about the tomb of the Stuarts in St. Peter's:

"Often at the present day does the British traveller turn from the sunny crest of the Pincian, or the Carnival throng of the Corso, to gaze in thoughtful silence on that mockery of human greatness and that last record of ruined hopes."

Another acquisition of these days is an electrotype of the Petition Crown, of 1663, said by good authority to be the finest coin of modern times. The petition which gives it its name runs round the edge, and is in the following words:—

"Thomas Simon most humbly prays your Majesty to compare this his tryall piece with the Dutch, and if more truly drawn and embossed, more gracefully ordered and more accurately engraven, to receive him."

14. The Breakfast Club met, for the first time this year, at F. Leveson Gower's. Goschen, Herschell, Courtney,

Herbert, Trevelyan, and Reay, were present. Sir Henry Loch, Mr. Rhodes (the Cape Premier), and George Leveson Gower came as guests. I talked most with Goschen and Herschell, about the difficulties with France in Newfoundland, and the commercial negotiations going on between that colony and the United States. A stranger imbroglio never was; for in addition to all other complications, the Dominion is pulling in a quite opposite direction from the island, which is profoundly jealous of its great neighbour. Another subject was the anti-Free-Trade heresies which are in the air, and begin to look as if mischief were ahead. "Such things," I remarked, "make me glad that I am approaching sixty-two." "When that sort of feeling comes over me," said Herschell, "I always comfort myself by two books—Croker and Greville. So many of the things they dreaded have done no harm, and I hope we too may be mistaken."

The name of Lord Morris came up in connection with the last Grillion Breakfast, and we passed on to speak of Lord Young. I quoted his reply to some one who said, "Why did Gladstone make Monsell[1] Postmaster-General?" "Because, he is more up to snuff than any man on the Treasury Bench."

Herschell mentioned in return that Hannen had once

[1] Monsell, now Lord Emly, has kept to the old method of enjoying tobacco longer than any one whom I have known in political life.

said to Lord Young that he put Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, on the same shelf as Burns. "It must be a very long shelf then," said the other.

We talked of books to read on a journey, and Robert Herbert, who was on my right, said: "Liddell and Scott is not at all bad; it is full of little quotations which remind you of pleasant things."

Sir Henry Loch gave an interesting account of the Knysna, which is being kept by the Cape as a piece of wild country. It is full of game, and of elephants so dangerous, that even the mighty hunter Selous had said to Sir Henry, when he talked of going there: "If you want to go after these elephants, I will go with you, but I tell you frankly they are the only ones in the country I don't care about meeting." I was glad to hear that people are beginning to think of preserving the elephant in South Africa, and was able to give example as well as precept, for no elephant could be shot in the Madras Presidency without my leave, and I never on any one occasion gave it, unless in the case of "a rogue," dangerous to the countryside.

Breakfast over, I walked to Brooks's with Trevelyan, talking chiefly about the men who are coming up, on his side of politics. Then I went with Lady Reay to the Guelph Exhibition, and passed to the Athenæum, where I found Gregory, and asked him whether it was true that

sables were still found in Ireland. "Undoubtedly," he said. "I had quite recently a collar and cuffs made out of their fur; but the gamekeepers persecute them sadly, mistaking them for pole-cats."

I suspect, however, that some people would say that the Irish sable is the Beech Marten or Pine Marten, which seem to be quite closely allied to the true Siberian sable, if they are not indeed all three varieties of the same species.

15. Dined at Grillion's, Lord Derby in the chair. I sat between Kimberley and Bowen. The former gave a curious account of the recent frost in the Eastern Counties. "One afternoon," he said, "heavy rain fell; at night it froze as hard as ever, and the next morning the roads were in such a state that people skated on them for three miles into Wymondham."

It is a curious contribution to the history of the manners and customs of the end of the nineteenth century to note that I have heard that Lord Walsingham, a man of great and real scientific acquirement and importance, got up in the hard weather at break of day, drew a white garment over his clothes, and going out remained till it was dark, with the result that he shot with his own gun one hundred and eighty-five wood-pigeons.

Shooting led to talk about dogs and their wonderful instinct. Kimberley, who is a good authority, having the misfortune—or shall I say crime?—of being a misocynist,

declared that when he was starting on his mission to Russia, after the Crimean War, a dog of his disappeared between London and Dover, and found its way back to Kimberley.

Bowen said that he had once had a dog whose favourite amusement was chasing his own tail, which he would do for ten minutes together. One day when he was going through this performance Jowett said to his master: "What is your dog about?" "Studying metaphysics," was the reply.

Another subject was the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, which Kimberley praised very highly, but of which I only know the Cupid and Psyche episode.

16. My brother, who came down in the afternoon, mentioned that he had found *Butomus umbellatus* in the Deveron on the Denlugas Water, far to the north of its ordinary habitats. He had no doubt whatever about the plant, but for further and better security sent the specimen to Backhouse of York. The particular spot where it was found—a very inaccessible one—seems to exclude the hypothesis of its having been introduced.

17. Professor Church told me this evening that he had himself heard Faraday preach in the Sandemanian Chapel in the Barbican. He went on for an hour and a quarter without saying anything of the slightest interest, merely stringing together misapplied texts. "I had been present,"

Professor Church added, "the Friday before, when he gave a most brilliant lecture at the Royal Institution."

20. My sister, writing from Weimar, mentions that her second son is instructing an amateur company in a little operetta at the General-Stab, and that Moltke comes and listens, sitting beside the piano.

"What," said a disappointed parent to me this morning, "is the good of giving children beautiful names? I selected for my sons the very best I could think of—Douglas, Percival, and Julian. They were hardly born before they had christened each other Dug, Pug, and Jug."

23. Returned to York House from Merton, whither I went on the 21st, and where the Warden gathered a number of people. Amongst those I had not seen before was Mr. Margoliouth, Professor of Arabic, who, more fortunate than his Parisian brother, who had for audience only the cabman who brought him to his lecture-room, has eight pupils in various stages of pro-*or*-de-ficiency. Another new acquaintance was Professor Vines, who succeeded, in the Chair of Botany, Professor Balfour, as *he* succeeded Lawson, so often mentioned in the Indian volumes of these Notes. Professor Vines told me that he was devoting himself to making the Oxford Herbarium especially strong in all that related to the flora of the countries round the Mediterranean.

When we were at Balliol we heard the Salvation Army

busy with its "Corybantic Christianity" at the foot of the Martyrs' Memorial. "What is that?" said Rogers of Bishopsgate, under the same circumstances. He was told, and replied: "Oh, I thought it was a band which the Master had hired to break the Sabbath." Years ago such jokes at the expense of friends were dangerous. I remember being asked in the early fifties quite gravely by a respectable clergyman, whether it was true that Jowett, then the most influential tutor at Balliol, was in the habit of sitting at his window gnashing his teeth as the men went to chapel! As it happened, I was able to tell my questioner that the joke which he had taken for a statement of fact had been invented by a friend of mine, poor Dutton, the same who died by a sad accident on the Wengern Alp.

Speaking of Rogers of Bishopsgate, the Warden told us that that chartered libertine of clerical speech was in the habit of describing another Mr. Rodgers, sometimes confounded with him, as "my d——d brother."

One has often heard the story, true or false, of his having been sent in by a large and anxious deputation of London ecclesiastics to interview the late Archbishop Tait, whom he knew intimately. They crowded around him when he came out, asking, "Well, what did he say?"

"Say," was the reply: "he said that he'd see you damned first."

To the Geographical Council, Club Dinner and Meeting.

The paper at the last was by Mr. Agassiz, a young man serving under Hart in the Chinese Maritime Customs, and very remotely connected with the great naturalist. It was read by his father, an Oxfordshire clergyman, who, when crossing the Atlantic, had been asked by Lincoln how he would advise him to see England. "That depends," was the answer, "on the time you can devote to it." "Well," was the rejoinder, "I think I can give a fortnight." "If you can only give a fortnight," said the other, "you had better give it all to London." "No," replied the future President, "I have had a good deal of advice, and I think I'll just hire a buggy and drive myself over the little island in the time."

Mr. Agassiz said that Lincoln, not yet famous, related the most amusing anecdotes during the whole passage, but, as is but too usual, he could not illustrate his statement by recalling a single one of them.

March

1. The Breakfast Club met yesterday at Herschell's, whither came Leveson Gower, Lyall, Courtney, and Herbert.

We talked long about possible successors to Tennyson, in his capacity of poet-laureate. Swinburne was, of course, mentioned. "Would you trust him with an Epithalamium?" said one of the party. The forthcoming Canadian elections were also discussed; especially in their bearing upon our relations with their neighbour. That led on to talk of Free Trade and Protection. I mentioned what Atkinson had told me about all the young ability of the United States being in favour of Free Trade, although it had not as yet produced any impression upon politics. "The change," said Courtney, "may very likely come suddenly. Cleveland seems to me to be moving in that direction quite as surely as Peel was in 1841."

Speaking of Atkinson, our host told us that that able economist had calculated that taking the population of the world at 1,500,000,000, it could all stand on a space ten miles square, sit down in a space twenty miles square, and, by the help of a judicious system of telephones, hear the speech of one and the same orator!

One of our guests at York House this evening told a

curious story of his grandmother, *née* Tait, an aunt of the late Archbishop's. She was at school in a Parisian convent during the Reign of Terror, which in no way affected her life until one day they heard a noise, and a body of soldiers entered. By them the Lady Superior was informed that a person, for whom they were in search as having been condemned to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal, was known to be hiding under her roof, and she was ordered to parade all the girls for inspection. They fixed on Miss Tait, the other inmates of the convent in vain protesting that she was not a Frenchwoman, but a native of Scotland, and so far from having been condemned had not left the precincts for many weeks. All this was of no avail; the soldiers persisted that their belief was correct, Miss Tait was hurried to the Revolutionary Tribunal, identified there, and sent off to the Conciergerie. The fatal cart arrived and she was placed in it. On the way, however, to the Place de la Concorde, a Mr. Mackenzie, a friend of her father's, saw her and asked what she could possibly have done to render herself obnoxious to the Government. She explained the circumstances, and Mr. Mackenzie chancing to know the man in whose house Robespierre lived, went straight to him. He found Robespierre, told the story, and obtained a reprieve, which would, however, have come too late if the companions of the unfortunate girl had not said to her: "Under

ordinary circumstances it would only be right that we should offer the *pas* to you, but there must be some mistake, and it is just possible that you may be saved." She waited accordingly, and saw seventeen heads cut off. She was, however, saved, and lived into the Forties.

3. I spent last night at Arthur Russell's, and we dined together at Grillion's, where there was a pretty large party.

Gregory talked much of George Smythe, whose conversation he put in the very first rank. He had heard and warmly admired his speech on Maynooth, which struck me much when I read it years ago in Hansard.

Arthur Russell mentioned later in the evening that Lamartine, when writing his *Girondins*, had talked with an old lady who remembered the Terror. "On a beaucoup exagéré tout cela," she said, "je n'ai jamais interrompu mes Jeudis!"

Lady Arthur told me that when somebody talked to Mademoiselle Barrère about the same period, she maintained that society had gone on very much as usual, and replied to the question: "But did you not from time to time find a great many gaps in society?" by the words, "Ah! ces messieurs ont été très imprudents."

Conversation wandered to Rome and to Kästner, mentioned in these Notes for 1851, and to a delightful mistake

of his in English. A countryman of ours proposed to him to leave a party at Lord Ward's rather early. "No," he said, "I wish to remain for the lord's supper."

9. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ward, Mr. and Lady Winifride Cary-Elwes, who have been spending the Sunday here, leave us this morning, as does Harold Russell. Mrs. Ward told me that a priest who was to deliver his first sermon and was frightfully nervous, got into the pulpit and began: "Je vais à mon père." He paused, and again repeated: "Je vais à mon père." Yet a third time he made the same quotation, and then overpowered by shyness, took refuge in flight. "Dites," said some one as he passed, "mille choses de ma part à Monsieur votre père."

She affirmed likewise that another priest, who had suffered many things from the perversity of his congregation, told them that, at the Last Day, the Lord would say to him: "Où sont vos brébis?" To that question, however, he would make no answer. "Où sont vos brébis?" would be asked of him a second time, and yet once again, in menacing accents. To the third interrogation he would reply: "Seigneur, vous ne m'avez pas donné des brébis; vous ne m'avez donné que des cochons, et les voilà, les voilà, les voilà," pointing round the church.

Mrs. R. Ward lent me also *Joint Compositions*, privately printed many years ago by G. S. Venables and Henry Lushington.

The best thing in the little volume seems to be *A Rural Ride*, a sort of metrical version of Cobbett. I quote three verses :—

"A summer stillness held the land—
The windmill drooped its idle sail—
Trembling with heat, the crystal air
Quivered and glistened, as it were
A silver-woven veil.

"Only upon the topmost ridge,
Where barley spikes had burst the sheath,
A whitening roughness swept the ground,
Long waves that broke without a sound,
While all was still beneath.

"The light oats trembled on the slope,
The rich wheat clothed the loamy plain—
Red poppies blushed, and charlock bright
With sunny streaks of yellow light
Gleamed through the taller grain."

Mrs. Greg writes :—

"What a comfort that Nature is beginning to wash her face. She seemed to be forgetting that that was the first thing to be done on waking, and that it was no use putting on any of her lovely spring ornaments until that homely process had been gone through."

Evelyn writes from Rome, under date of the 4th, about the Marchesa Theodoli :—

"She is still a most beautiful woman, and one can quite believe the story told of her, that when she came out of the Gesù

at her marriage, the crowd fell on their knees, thinking it was the Madonna. She is six feet in height and has masses of golden hair."

At the Geographical Club dinner Mr. Seebohm gave me an interesting account of a family whose acquaintance he had made on the shores of the Porshanger Fiord, within seventy miles of the North Cape. They inhabited the only house in their village—the other habitations being mere hovels. It served as a shop and as an inn. There were twelve children, and the six elder girls took turns in looking after the shop, managing all the domestic arrangements, and teaching the younger ones; speaking, into the bargain, nine languages. When Mr. Seebohm asked how they had succeeded in mastering so many, "You must remember," they replied, "that for some months in the year the sun never rises here, and we must do something."

13. I have just finished *Problems of the Future*, by Mr. S. Laing, with whom I sat so long in the House of Commons. The author is not at his best when dealing with Literature or Art, and sometimes, as in his foolish over-laudation of Burns, makes one think of Carlyle's savage description of his father, the traveller, wandering about on the continent, "like a great rhinoceros or elephant with his hind legs stuck into boots."

When he treats of scientific subjects, or of the philosophical as distinguished from the emotional side of religion,

he is far better. And the same may be said about most of his observations upon politics, though here and there he has been led into pitfalls which so shrewd a personage should, I think, have avoided. On the merits of Bismarck, the virtues of Parnell, or the advantages of Home Rule, I should be sorry indeed to see any one attach much importance to his opinions. But the book, taking it as a whole, is eminently worth reading.

14. The Breakfast Club met at Robert Herbert's—Arthur Russell, Herschell, Courtney, Trevelyan, and Wolseley being present. I talked most with the last-named, and walked away with him when the party broke up. I asked him whether he found many pleasant people in Dublin. He said that he particularly liked the society of Trinity College, where the Common Room was often extremely agreeable. Our talk passed to Father Healy, and he told me that he had lately asked that amusing personage whether he had ever come across Parnell. "Strange to say," he replied, "only quite lately, when I had a conversation with him for about an hour and a half. In the course of it I used the word coercion; whereupon he remarked: 'Coercion! you will never govern Ireland without coercion, whether you have Home Rule or not.'"

Parnell was open-mouthed about Gladstone, saying, *inter alia*, "The old scoundrel! I have broken his back, and I wish I had broken his neck!"

Speaking the other night, at the Castle, of the expenditure now going on in the distressed districts, Father Healy observed characteristically: "If it hadn't been for this famine, we should have been starved intoirely." Trevelyan mentioned that the Empress of Austria, who had been hunting in the neighbourhood of Maynooth some years ago, and had received some attention from the authorities of the College which she wished to acknowledge, presented them, by the way of doing the civil thing, with a fine statue of St. George, for which, however, when her attention had been called to the inappropriateness of the gift, she substituted something else.

Dined at Grillion's, Lord Cross in the chair—Lord Harrowby, Northbrook, Gregory, Lord Derby, and some others being present. At my end of the table we had Chamberlain, who sat on my left, Arthur Russell and Robert Herbert. I had just finished repeating to them a story about a bishop and his hopeful son when I was aware of a portly form which was about to place itself between Herbert and me. This was no other than the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom I should hardly have selected as part of my auditory for that particular anecdote. The name of Sir Edmund Head coming up in connection with epitaphs, "Head had," I said, "a good eye for an epitaph. It was he who first repeated to me one of the best that ever was written—the two Spanish

lines on the tomb of the son of Columbus, at Seville," which I quoted. This led on to some talk about epitaphs, in the course of which the Archbishop cited one by Dr. Arnold, written for one of the Merivales, who had lost his wife:—

"Infelix Infelicem
Nisi Christianus Christianam,"

in which, as he truly said, "quod" seems wanting after "nisi." Thereupon I enquired of His Grace and of Herbert whether they had ever heard a striking epitaph, the Latinity of which was also peculiar, repeated to me a generation ago by Charles Pearson, and written, I think, for Marriott of Oriel, whose name has just been brought again into prominence by Dean Church's book on the Oxford Movement, a large part of which Miss Gordon has read to me. I forget the beginning but the end was:

"Hic licet in occiduo cinere
Aspicit eum
Cujus nomen est Oriens."

With Chamberlain I talked partly about the parliamentary situation, partly about the contending factions in Ireland, and partly about his orchids. He says that the greatest change that has taken place since he began to cultivate them has been the far greater facilities which there now are for having orchids in blossom in a continuous succession throughout the year.

18. Dined with the Prince of Wales, to meet the King of the Belgians, and a very large party, most carefully composed, so as to represent many varieties of opinion and pursuit.

My next neighbour on the right was Sir Andrew Clark, immediately beyond whom was Gladstone. On my left I had Admiral Sir R. V. Hamilton, beyond whom sat Lyon Playfair. Opposite me were Morley and Goschen, but the table was wide, and they were quite out of speaking distance. I continued my conversation with Sir Andrew Clark, noted under the date of 30th May last year, about Cardinal Newman and the false quantities.

"Yes," he said, "as long as the individuality remains there is great hope of life," and then proceeded to give an instance of his having been able to predict that a lady, who had been the day before in imminent danger, would certainly recover, the moment he saw that she had had her hair dressed, and had put a red bow on.

I talked with Count Deym about Hübner, with the Spanish Ambassador about Arthur, and with Waddington about the Conseil Général, of which he is President. It meets at Laon, and he says that nothing could be more curious than to find himself transported in a single day from his business and surroundings in London, to his business and surroundings there. He drew the Act under which the "Conseils Généraux" are now constituted, and

has given great attention to this branch of affairs. "The work," he added, "is less interesting than it used to be, because most of the great things that were wanted have been done, and it is now chiefly a question of maintaining what exists." He confirmed my impression that the electors were much more careful in the choice of those whom they send to represent them in these local assemblies, than they are with reference to the far more potent Assembly at Paris.

20. Finished Dean Church's book on the Oxford Movement. It contains a fuller account of R. H. Froude and of Isaac Williams than I have ever met with, and Keble also is put in rather a new light. There is not much else that was unfamiliar to me in the volume; but it is extremely well written, and it was highly desirable that some one who belonged to the movement in its earlier days, and did not follow Newman to Rome, should give a view of it which should form more or less of a *pendant* to the *Apologia*. Not a few of Dean Church's sentences are very happy, as, for instance, the following:—

"Sound requires atmosphere, and there was as yet no atmosphere in the public mind in which the voice of this Theology could be heard."

The following passage, too (p. 316), is striking:—

"There is no doubt that Mr. Newman felt the annoyance and the unfairness of this perpetual questioning, for the benefit of

Mr. Ward's theories, and there can be little doubt, that, in effect, it drove him onwards, and cut short his time of waiting. Engineers tell us that in the case of a ship rolling in the seaway, when the periodic times of the ship's roll coincide with those of the undulations of the waves, a condition of things arises highly dangerous to the ship's stability. So the agitations of Mr. Newman's mind were reinforced by the impulses of Mr. Ward's."

It appears that this very happy illustration was suggested to the author by experiments in naval engineering, carried on by Mr. William Froude, whom I knew a little, and remembered as a very agreeable and *individual* person.

The book ends with some remarks about the second phase of the movement, when it had passed into the hands of Manning, Bennett, the Wilberforces, Hope Scott, and others. It closes with the following words:—

"Those times were the link between what we are now, so changed in many ways, and the original impulse given at Oxford; but to those times I am as much of an outsider as most of the foremost in them were outsiders to Oxford in the earlier days. Those times are almost more important than the history of the movement, for, besides vindicating it, they carried on its work to achievements and successes which, even in the most sanguine days of 'Tractarianism' had not presented themselves to men's minds, much less to their hopes. But that story must be told by others.

"'Show thy servants thy work, and their children thy glory.'"

It is curious to have read within a few days of each other

two such books as this and Mr. Laing's *Problems of the Future*, written by men who were of about the same age —both able, both living in contact with many of the first intellects of their times, and yet so entirely different. Mr. Laing sometimes forgets the wise Spanish maxim: "En nada vulgar"—the Dean never does; his pages are marked by distinction from the first word to the last.

On the other hand, Mr. Laing is in the mainstream of his century, while the Oxford Movement is only the history of a backwater, though of a backwater from which has flowed a stream that has done much to fertilize and adorn the life of England. True it is, that in 1833 the secret of the Future was not at Oxford but at Tübingen—not with Keble preaching the Assize Sermon at St. Mary's, still less with William Palmer getting up an agitation against some of the most obviously sensible proceedings of the Whig Government, but with F. C. Baur, "clarum et venerabile nomen," in his lecture-room.

How much, however, we should have missed if the clerical and country life described—say, in Miss Austen's novels—had not been lifted by the efforts of Newman and his friends on to an altogether higher plane, and bathed in the light of poetry, before the Critical School began to grow strong on this side of the North Sea!

23. A son of the late Mr. A. C. Sellar, now an undergraduate at Balliol, has sent me, at Bowen's request, a copy

of the epitaph on Theodore Walrond, lately written by Jowett for Balliol Chapel.

In Memoriam.
THEODORI WALROND, C.B.
In hoc olim Collegio, Scholaris, Socii, Tutoris,
Quem juvenilibus annis
Musicâ pariter atque gymnasticâ praestantem
Nec minus scientiâ mathematicâ
Quam literis Graecis et Latinis imbutum
Fama æqualium tradidit,
Provectiorem ætate novimus omnes
Non sibi sed suis et rei publicæ viventem
Homo erat simplex, ingenuus justus,
Ad quem propter sincerum ac virile judicium
Mos erat amicis graviora sæpe negotia referre,
Idem adolescentium ad publica officia admittendorum
Curæ præpositus
In re difficili et novâ sapienter omnia et feliciter gerebat.
Ave et vale carissime,
Cujus vita omnis exemplo erat tuis
Innocentiæ atque integritatis.
Vixit annos LXIII., menses IV. decessit ante diem XVI. Kal. Jul.
MDCCCLXXXVII.

The estimate of Walrond's character seems to me very good and just. His fate, as compared with that of his early friend Frank Sandford, is an excellent illustration of the lines from Philip van Artevelde, quoted in these Notes under date of 26th August 1887. They "got away together," in racing phrase, as undergraduates at Balliol, and when they took their degrees Walrond was leading by

something more than a length. For some time he continued or increased this distance in the world, but at last Sandford gradually headed him, and was sworn of the Privy Council in 1885; while the other day, nearly four years after Walrond's death, having no children, he was raised to the peerage.

The children, for whom I have lately put up a gymnasium, were turning somersaults to-day, when a story came back to me which should not perish:

Many years ago there sat in the House of Commons a solid and prosperous tradesman, who was member for an important constituency, and the very type of respectability. Baxter, who was the most accurate of men, declared that he was one day following this personage along the path which leads from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner, when, to Baxter's extreme surprise, he suddenly turned head over heels! It was of the same individual that Disraeli said when he first rose to speak: "I have always understood that Irish members were either gentlemen or blackguards, but this old man is neither!"

26. Stephen came down to dine last night. He has been for some time in bad health, but is full of literary projects, and chiefly of collecting into volumes the long series of articles he wrote in the *Saturday Review* about many old authors, principally French and English. Amongst other books of which he talked was the life,

by Hacket, of Archbishop Williams, the last clerical chancellor, of whom I see his biographer remarked that "he read the best, heard the best, conferred with the best; excribed, committed to memory, disputed; and had some work continually upon the loom"—a very fitting description, by the way, of Stephen himself.

27. Wrote to-day to thank Dr. P. W. Forchammer, of Kiel, for his *Prolegomena zur Mythologie als Wissenschaft und Lexicon der Mythensprache* which, along with a pamphlet on *Die Kyanen* he has just sent me. I have had no communication with him since he came over about the Augustenburg affairs, some seven-and-twenty years ago.

Have I ever written down the story which Houghton used to tell of him? He was present at a meeting of the British Association, which took place in S. Wales, at or near St. Davids. Bishop Thirlwall had asked all the notabilities of the gathering to an entertainment at the Palace, but Dr. Forchammer was omitted. He mentioned this to Houghton, who said: "It is a mere accident; I will speak to the Bishop and put all right." Houghton said, accordingly, to Thirlwall: "By some chance Dr. Forchammer has not been asked to the Palace; of course you mean him to go?" "No, indeed I don't," was the reply. "Nothing would induce me to ask under my roof a man who has defended the execution of Socrates!"

29. Our Easter party includes Lady O'Hagan with her four children, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and Miss Borthwick. Count Szapàry, attaché to the Austrian Embassy, is also with us, and he and I have had much talk about Hungary, of which his uncle is at present Premier. Amongst other subjects which came up, was the *nuance* which divides that statesman's policy from that of his predecessor Tisza, the attitude of Strossmayer, the increasing civilisation of the country, the working of the new and extraordinarily low railway fares, the enormous growth of the capital, and the proposed abolition of the county system.

April

1. The *Times* of this morning contains a long obituary notice of Lord Granville. My acquaintance with him was very slight. I think, indeed, that we never talked on any serious subject, save on 3rd May 1880, when he took me aside, at Windsor, and told me that my not going to the Foreign Office, at that time, was in no way owing to him; but that he would have been very glad to have had me with him there. I have never yet noted that a similar assurance from Lord Clarendon, with reference to the Administration of 1868, was conveyed to me many years ago.

A telegram from Mrs. Bishop at Valescure brought to me this afternoon the sad intelligence that Mrs. Craven died this morning in Paris. I have known for some days that those with her feared the worst, and her state has for months been most distressing. Still, the shock is great, for the disappearance from our world of a perennial spring of goodness and beauty makes life much poorer to those who enjoyed, as I have done so long, the blessing of constant communication with it.

2. I wonder who wrote the lines on Sir Henry Yule which I find cited in a good paper about him by Mr. Coutts Trotter. They turn on the stately message which he sent, a few hours before he died, to the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, and which ran as follows :—

"Reddo gratias, illustrissimi domini, ob honores tanto nimios quanto immeritos. Mihi robora deficiunt, vita collabitur, accipiatis voluntatem pro facto. Cum corde pleno et gratissimo moriturus vos, illustrissimi domini, saluto.—Yule."

"'Moriturus vos saluto'
Breathes his last the dying scholar—
Tireless student, brilliant writer;
He 'salutes his age' and journeys
To the undiscovered country.
There await him with warm welcome
All the heroes of old story—
The Venetians, the Ca Polo,
Marco, Nicolo, Mappeo,
Odoric of Pordenone,

Ibn Batuta, Marignolli,
Benedict de Goes—'seeking
Lost Cathay and finding heaven.'
Many more whose lives he cherished,
With the piety of learning;
Fading records, buried pages,
Failing lights and fires forgotten,
By his energy recovered,
By his eloquence rekindled.

"'Moriturus vos saluto'
Breathes his last the dying scholar;
And the far-off ages answer:
'Immortales te salutant.'"

3. Dined with the Empress Frederick at Buckingham Palace, meeting, amongst others, Lord Lorne and Alma Tadema.

The Empress talked of her Athenian grandchild, of Renan's *Marc Aurèle* and of Gregorovius. I made her laugh by telling her his answer to my mother when she urged him, more than a quarter of a century ago, to visit England: "Ich kann mir nicht eine neue Welt aufladen!"

4. Miss Sofiers Cocks writes of Mrs. Craven:—

"I know a little of the blank it will make for you, but yet one feels that she was so much a link between her real friends on earth and the spirit world, that death will only make the bond the stronger. You will like to think of the completion of that blessed family group. Her spirit must have often sighed to be with them, and one feels she had such a step to go."

7. Mrs. S. Buxton writes :—

"I know how suffering her life was latterly; but the break, when it comes, seems none the less sad: and few people have better cause than I have to know how much you will feel it. How well I remember your taking me to see her years ago, and our readings of the *Récit* in the Court of Lions, and the Generalife Garden! They are among the many very happy memories which I owe to you: and I should like you to feel that I am sympathising with you now."

Dined with The Club, Reeve in the Chair; Dr. Smith, Goschen, and Maunde Thompson forming the rest of the party. We talked of Hübner's recent book, *Une Année de ma Vie*, and I told the curious story of my old acquaintance M. de Haymerle, mentioned in these Notes for 1884 and 1887. Goschen said: "Now that he is dead and gone, it can do him no harm to mention what Bismarck said to me about him. I had gone to see the Chancellor, by desire of Lord Granville, with reference to our policy in the East, and we had come to a definite agreement upon the line to be taken in certain eventualities. When this was settled, I said, 'What will Baron Haymerle say to this?' 'Oh!' replied Bismarck, 'of course he'll say no, at first; he always does. Haymerle says no to everything, even in his dreams, and when he wakes, the first thing he invariably does is to say no, no, no, in case by any chance he has not done it enough during his sleep. But I'll manage him nevertheless.'"

Goschen talked also a good deal of his grandfather, on whose life he was at work when office filled his mind with other cares. His grandfather in early days was Wieland's publisher, and was attacked by Goethe and Schiller as being too much under the influence of that once potent personage. Later he published for Schiller, till Cotta carried that poet off, and for Goethe, till author and publisher quarrelled about the *Metamorphoses of Plants*.

Dr. Smith told us that Lowe had said to him that he thought *St. Ronan's Well* nearly the best of Scott's novels—a strange judgment; but compare Coleridge's remark about *Clara Mowbray* on a previous page. I do not think Lowe was particularly happily inspired when discoursing of Scott. I have heard him run down Sir Walter's poetry quite unduly, speaking, for instance, with great contempt of the lines—

> "Come it slow or come it fast,
> 'Tis but Death that comes at last."

11. How rapidly traditions fade. ——— ——— astonished us the other day at The Club by asking if any of us had ever heard of Poodle Byng! The conversation then turned upon that individual and the reason why he got his name. Reeve recalled a story of Canning's having replied to the question, "Where is Byng to go?" by

saying that he had better run behind the carriage. I said that even when I remembered him, quite at the end of his life, he had still some fuzzy hair left, and repeated the exclamation of some one as he drove by with his dog, "There goes the poodle and his Byng." Dr. Smith started the theory that the poodle had never really existed, but was a product of the mythopœic faculty in man, intended to account for the name.

Under these perplexing circumstances I wrote to Arthur Russell, who replies from the Ridgeway as follows:—

"My mother always told me that Poodle Byng received his name, when a boy, from his curly hair, which remained fuzzy to the end, and when he appeared in London he wisely adopted a poodle to accompany him, and sealed his letters with a poodle sitting up. The seal I have often seen. He was a cousin of my father's, whose mother was a Byng. My mother told me she could remember Poodle Byng distinctly, in a light green coat, with silver tassels to his Hessian boots, walking up St. James' Street."

The Breakfast Club met at Trevelyan's—Robert Herbert, Courtney, and Wolseley being present. We talked of Freemasonry, and the last-mentioned said that he had found it so great a convenience to be a Freemason on many occasions in life, that if he were not enrolled already, he would become one to-morrow.

12. A particularly cheery little party at York House

for the Sunday: Mr. Lyttelton Gell, the head of the Clarendon Press in Oxford, his wife, Lord and Lady Monkswell, and Northbrook.

Mr. Lyttelton Gell told us that when a section of the Liberal party was beginning to go mad about Ireland, a number of Oxford men, holding, for the most part, "advanced" opinions, were gathered to meet a distinguished politician belonging to the Republican party in the United States. In the course of the evening they said to him: "You, of course, have always found that when you gave the Irish fair play they showed themselves quite equal to all the duties of citizenship, and rose to very high place." "We," was the reply, "are of opinion that if every nigger were to shoot an Irishman, and every Irishman to shoot a nigger, we should begin to see our way in America!"

13. At the Geographical Council, where we settled the awards of medals and other honours. Thence, after attending the London Library Committee, to the Geographical Club Dinner and Evening Meeting. Mr. Pratt was the reader of the Paper, which was full of curious things—few more curious than the statement that he had come upon a district near the borders of Thibet where the great majority of the population was Catholic, and the Joss-houses were falling into ruin. Mr. Henry, a botanist, who had been in the same regions, gave a most interest-

ing account of a tree called *Davidia*, after the famous missionary Père David.

17. The old Marquis de Mun, father of Count Albert, by Eugénie de la Ferronays, writes of Mrs. Craven:—

"J'ai voulu vous annoncer personellement ce triste événement et aussi je vais vous envoyer une trentaine de billets de faire part, en vous priant de les distribuer à ses amis d'Angleterre. Je ne pouvais choisir un meilleur intermédiare que vous Monsieur, car vous étiez son admirateur et son ami et elle avait pour vous une affection toute particulière."

Arthur Russell writes that at a meeting of the Council of the Zoological Society, on the 15th, they debated the inscription to be engraved on the medal which has been awarded to the deserving people who have saved the great skua gull from total extinction. Professor Newton proposed, and he seconded, the following:—

OB SKUAS PER LX. ANNOS
IN INSULA FOULA
SERVATAS CURA ROBERTI
T. CAR SCOTT

but the majority of the Council were in favour of English. "I thought," he adds, "of Macaulay's New Zealander, who one day would dig up that medal, and of the opinions of classical scholars on the interpretation of the rare word Skua!"

Coleridge, who with his wife, Lady Malmesbury, and

others, spent yesterday with us, left this morning. Just before he went I read to him the last words of a letter which the early post brought me from Lord Dufferin.

"That reminds me," he said, "of the remark made by Selwyn, the Bishop of New Zealand, about Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, who got into scrapes at the Antipodes as he did here: 'Oh, it's only a Colonial edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.'"

No less new to me was the reply made by the Prince Regent to the Provost of Eton in his day, a rude man, with a bad reputation alike for courage and sobriety, who said to him: "That quotation is from Homer, an author with whom Your Royal Highness is probably not much acquainted."—"I have, alas! forgotten a great deal of my Homer, but I remember one line"—quoting thereupon *Iliad* i. 225, with its string of savage epithets.

Coleridge mentioned, too, that before appointing Hampden to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, Lord Melbourne had consulted Archbishop Howley, who said that he thought the appointment would give general satisfaction. When the storm broke, Lord Melbourne offered to resign, but the King would not hear of it. The Archbishop, who had been talked over and frightened, attacked the Prime Minister in the House of Lords. Lord Melbourne, who had Dr. Howley's

letter before him, three times took it in his hand to read, and three times laid it down. When asked why he had neglected to use so crushing a weapon, he replied: "He has been bullied and badgered into taking the course he has taken; but I have a stronger reason than that; I ought never to have asked his advice. The responsibility was mine, and I ought to have assumed it fully from the first."

We talked likewise a good deal about Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist. On one occasion he was denouncing some one to Coleridge in the most furious terms, winding up with the expression, "If he were here, I would hang him with these hands. By God, I would!" adding immediately, "I hope I may be forgiven." "It was," remarked Coleridge, "exactly like Uncle Toby." "And you," said my wife to him, "were the recording angel."

20. We were a very small party at Grillion's: only seven in all, with Chitty in the chair. Sir James Paget told us that somebody had said to Darwin's gardener, "How is Mr. Darwin?" "Oh!" replied the man, "he's not at all well. If he could only find something to do, I think he would be better. He will often come out here and stand staring for half-an-hour at a heap of earth!"

24. Mrs. Bishop has sent me various letters about the last hours of Mrs. Craven, from Madame de Dreux Brézé

and others. In one of these it is mentioned that when a phrase from *Talleyrand's Memoirs*—"Les affections lointaines sont un asile pour la pensée"—was quoted to her, she succeeded in articulating the word "Oui"— a curiously characteristic last utterance.

25. The Breakfast Club met at Arthur Russell's—a large party.

A picture of Junius's Duke of Bedford, admirably copied by Lady Arthur, led to talk about that once formidable name, and Aberdare told us that when walking through the library at Maynooth with the head of the College, he had taken down a copy of the *Letters* from its shelf and remarked that it was well-thumbed. "That book is a perfect curse to us," said his companion; "the students are perpetually at work upon it with a view to cultivate their powers of denunciation."

Carlingford mentioned that he had in his possession a copy of *Junius's Letters* which had belonged to Francis, and which was full of corrections in his hand, many of them being such things as changes of "upon" into "on," which hardly any one but the author would have taken the trouble to make.

Arthur Russell said that Disraeli, bored by conversation about Pamela, had once said that he wished that lady would marry the author of *Junius's Letters*, and that both would retire into private life.

Peacock's name somehow came up, and Trevelyan remarked, with much truth, that his novels are about the best reading-out books which exist.

Conversation turned to Hübner's recent work, and to the story which he tells of his answer to the Duke of Litta, when that personage, who was then acting with the Revolutionary party, told him that his life would not be safe on his journey from Milan to the frontier. Carlingford said that an Italian nobleman with whom he had travelled in Lombardy, soon after the year of revolutions, had told him that when he went amongst his own peasants at that period they met him with the cry of "Viva Radetzky!"

Looked again at an article in the *Dublin Review*, by Mrs. Shipley, on W. G. Ward, the same which contained a passage that amused me not a little when I first read it:—

"Here Mr. Oakley was studying for the priesthood, and Mr. Ward, having built himself a small house in the grounds, spent some happy years teaching theology to the students. We are told how the two friends would often contrast the peaceful present with the rough years through which they had lately passed, and would dwell in a spirit of thankfulness on the storms from which they had escaped. It strikes us, however, that such complaints of the years gone by were not unlike those which the wind and rain might unite in addressing to the weather. Had they not created it, no tempest would have arisen; and Oxford would have been content to sleep on in her deathlike peace."

May

1. I ran down, with Lubbock and Mr. Frederick Hanbury, to Audley End, whence, passing by Lord Braybrooke's great house of that name, we visited the museum at Saffron Walden, a singularly good one, where I saw amongst other things new to me, the Oleander moth, a rare insect in England, but which Mr. Pratt told me he had found abundantly amongst the Oleanders on the banks of the Lake of Gennesaret. Thence we drove on to a wood, where we saw the hybrid produced by the oxlip and the primrose. In a small region comprising parts of Essex, Cambridgeshire, and Suffolk, the oxlip is absolutely supreme in the copses, not a single primrose daring to invade its domain; while outside this narrow precinct no such thing as a true oxlip has been discovered in Great Britain. The plant which I, in common with a large portion of my fellow creatures, believed to be the oxlip, is not the oxlip at all, but a hybrid between the cowslip and the primrose. The woods in the neighbourhood of Saffron Walden are worked as coppice, and cut down every few years. When we were taken, in the afternoon, to see a piece which had been cut down last year, the oxlips were blooming on it by hundreds

of thousands; the whole ground was, as far as one could see, yellow with them, and just on the edge, where the woodland met the pasture, we found the hybrid between the oxlip and the cowslip.

We were accompanied throughout our expedition by Mr. Gibson, a banker in Saffron Walden, who told me that the saffron cultivation, which gave the town its name, had ceased for three hundred years, and also that he found green maize a most admirable food for cattle, producing better milk than anything else. Another of our companions was Mr. Christie, who is the greatest authority on the oxlip; while another was Mr. Tuke, who mentioned to me that his brother and he had paid fifty shillings as boys for the great Auk's egg which I saw at Hitchin before I went to India. When I called his attention to a note in the Museum to the effect that a great Auk's egg had been sold for £225 some years ago, he told me, that since that record was made, another had fetched more money.

2. George Boyle, who is up for Convocation, told me that the old Dean of Bristol could remember having heard as a child one of his family—the wife, I think, of Sir Gilbert Elliot—say at Minto: "Ah! there is a sunbeam coming into the house to-day." The sunbeam was Scott, on one of his ballad-hunting expeditions.

Breakfasted at Grillion's, where we elected Evelyn Ashley and Sir Reginald Welby.

Dined at the Royal Academy, sitting between Mr. Vicat Cole and Sir James Paget. The latter said that the progress of research tended to lead us to suppose that very minute portions of the brain had each its separate function, and that the exceptional activity or inactivity of any one of these might produce very great results. I talked of the long period during which Mrs. Craven, although retaining her power of understanding what was said, was quite unable to articulate. He said that it was a well-known affection, and mentioned that Sir William Lawrence in advanced life suffered from it. Conceiving when in this state that a preparation of opium called *Gutta nigra* would do him good, he attempted to pronounce the words, but failed to make himself intelligible; he then tried to write it, without any better result, and flung down the pen in despair. The ink blotted the paper on which it fell, whereupon he pointed to the blot and thus conveyed his meaning.

Beyond Sir James Paget sat the Attorney-General, Sir R. Webster, who told us that he had said to Mr. Fletcher Moulton, "I am a far better man to conduct a scientific case than you, for you are full of science, but I am crammed full of science." "There was," he added, "something more than a joke in that remark, for Moulton's vast knowledge of science puts him at too great a distance from those whom he addresses, while I who have merely been taught

enough for the occasion, am more nearly on a level with them."

Bowen, who replied for the guests, told a story of an Irish lady, who remarked of her watch-dog, "his bark is louder than his bite." "Oh!" said an eminent statesman, who had failed to catch the point, to his next neighbour, "that's wrong; she must have said 'worse than his bite.'"

Dined at the Literary Society, where we elected De Tabley and Courthope. It was a very large party, the largest I think I ever saw there. I sat between Henry Doyle and Canon Ainger. Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace dined with us for the first time. Mr. Lincoln, the American Minister, who was present as a guest, told us that his father, the President, had once seen a tumultuous assemblage of persons passing through the streets of Washington; stopped by the crowd for some time, he said to a man, "What is this?" "A regiment, you d———d old fool!" was the courteous reply. He mentioned also that the President of the United States being always extremely accessible, very strange people sometimes have interviews with him. A visitor came to see his father, who soon made it clear that he was not in his right mind. After listening to him, the President said: "You tell me that you have come to deliver me a message from God Almighty, but I should like to understand this: if He wants to com-

municate with me, why does He not do it directly? Why does He do it through you? for of course it is possible that you might make a mistake. Why does He take that risk?" "Well," replied the man, "I suppose he sends me to you just as he used to send the prophets to the wicked kings in old times."

The name of Mr. Christie, the conveyancer, whose famous duel is mentioned on an earlier page of these Notes, coming up, Canon Ainger told me that his having killed Mr. Scott led to Charles Lamb's connection with the magazine which that individual used to edit, and to the publication therein of the *Essays of Elia*.

A saying of Sydney Smith's was repeated. Somebody said to him: "I can assert such and such most positively, without the slightest fear of contradiction." "Excuse me, sir," interposed the Canon, "do you know Mr. Hallam?"

This, though I believe it is well known, I had never chanced to hear, but I had heard that when he was first told of the electric telegraph he remarked: "Oh! I see what that will be useful for; it will enable Hallam in London to contradict a man at Birmingham."

5. Dined at a large Unionist dinner in Derby House, but the part of Hamlet was left out; for Lord Derby, who was in the Lords last night, has had a relapse, and is again confined to his bed with influenza.

6. To see Mrs. Bishop and her daughter, who have just

returned. They stayed in Paris, and had much to tell me about the last days of Mrs. Craven. They lent me, too, a number of the *Correspondant*, containing an article by M. de Meaux, whose acquaintance I made at his mother-in-law's just ten years ago, and which contains, amongst other good things, this admirable sentence :—

"Qui ne connait, qui n'a relu souvent le Récit d'une Sœur, cette histoire véridique qui débute comme un roman, le roman le plus pur et le plus passioné tout ensemble, et s'achève comme une pieuse et mystique légende, ce chant d'amour, de douleur, et d'espérance, où tour à tour la vie paraît si belle et la mort si radieuse."

I have been looking at M. Gréard's book on Scherer. The following passage, quoted from the latter, is surely an all too true account of much contemporary French literature :—

"Le goût, c'est le travail qui se cache, et nous ne faisons fête qu'aux artifices qui se montrent ; c'est l'effort qui se dissimule, et nous n'aimons plus que l'éclat de la difficulté vaincue ; c'est la délicatesse, et nous avons l'adoration de la force ; c'est la mesure, et nous nous prosternons devant ce qui est démesuré. Jamais autrefois le crayon n'était assez léger ; aujourd'hui il troue le papier. L'expression ne s'adresse plus à l'esprit mais aux sens. On va à la chasse des mots étranges. Le plus grand écrivain est celui qui dispose du vocabulaire le plus étendu et le plus osé. Livrée à l'industrie, tombée dans le procédé, portée à l'outrance, se nourrissant des curiosités malfaisantes, cherchant le succès dans le dégoût, notre littérature peut-elle long temps se soutenir à ce degré de raffinement

dans la débauche et l'imbécillité? . . . . Quel est le livre aujourd'hui qui fasse penser? En est-il où l'amour soit encore une passion, où il ne prête pas son nom au vice? . . . . Triste, triste! Nous nous affaissons. La senilité nous gagne. ."

13. I went down on the 7th to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where, on the following day, I opened a new hall for the Geographical Society of Tyneside, and attended a dinner given in honour of that event. Lord Percy presided at the first, Mr. Albert Grey at the second, ceremony.

From Newcastle I transferred myself on the 9th to Kelbarrow, Miss Lily Sumner's very beautiful place in the heart of the Lake Country.

The 10th, which was, it appears, a dreadfully cold day in London, was extremely fine in Westmoreland, and was, indeed, the first really warm day I have seen since the early Autumn of last year. The house stands high above Grasmere, overlooking the whole of the lake. In the middle distance is a low ridge separating Grasmere from Rydal Water, and further off the long ridge of Wansfell. Loughrigg stands up on the right, Fairfield on the left. By inclining a little to the left from the front of the house, one reaches a green hill, from which there is a view of the Grisedale Pass, which separates Fairfield from Seat Sandal; and beyond the last-named hill a shoulder of Helvellyn is visible.

The birch was in the perfection of its early green, the

larches just past theirs, the beech and the oak only showing as yet a leaf here and there.

At the Newcastle Museum I saw a very long series of drawings by Bewick, some of the very miserable specimens of stuffed birds from which that great artist worked, and the altogether magnificent achievements in that line of the late Mr. Hancock, who raised bird-stuffing to the rank of a fine art.

21. I got back to London very unwell, and was obliged to throw over all my engagements last week, save the Council of the Historical Society, and on the 15th came down to York House to recruit; but the return of bitter weather has made progress slow.

We had a large party for Whitsuntide, mainly of young people.

Lady Clare Feilding called my attention to a curious passage in Renan's *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*—first series, which I had lent her:—

"Le moment du triomphe des Saints est vraiment celui de leur mort. Leur vie, appréciée d'après nos idées modernes, semble imparfaite, en ce sens qu'ils ont été exclusifs, qu'ils n'ont vu les choses que par un seul côté, qu'ils ont manqué de critique et d'etendue d'esprit. Je ne souhaiterais pas leur vie, mais je suis jaloux de leur mort. A voir ces fins glorieuses et calmes, l'âme se relève et se fortifie, on reprend quelque estime pour la nature humaine, on se persuade que cette nature est noble et qu'il y a lieu d'en être fier."

26. We went to Oxford on the 23rd, where we stayed with the Max Müllers, and where I delivered a speech in the High School upon the education of girls. (See Appendix). Jowett moved the vote of thanks in a speech very much in the tone of Stanley's letter, quoted in these Notes for 1881, and referring to the same period, now forty-four years ago!

Müller spoke much about the beauty and interest of Dessau, his native place, which I have never visited; asked whether there was any evidence that there had been such a thing as a book in existence B.C. 600, and mentioned to me a curious circumstance, which, having occurred just before the fall of Bismarck, might have indicated to him how slippery was the ground on which he trod. He went one day to the Emperor, who was busy and sent to say that he would see the Chancellor presently. Ere long the children came in and insisted upon his dancing with them. "No," said Bismarck, "I am too old to dance with you." "Then you must play," they said. He sat down to the instrument, but ere long the Emperor came in and, finding him thus engaged, said: "So, here is the fourth generation of the Hohenzollerns which has to dance to your playing."

Finished running through a book called *Disraeli and his Day*, by Sir William Fraser, the same who printed the list of the members of the Dilettanti Society, to which he belongs. The book might be useful to an historian of

these times as showing what one may perhaps call the Carlton view, as distinguished from that of the Tory front bench, about many incidents which took place during my parliamentary life.

I think the story which interested me most was one told Sir William by Lord Ellesmere, to the effect that when his brother-in-law, Mr. Algernon Greville, dined with the Duke on the evening of the day of the battle of Waterloo, the latter twice broke silence with the words, "Thank God, I have met him!"

27. De Tabley writes of the influenza, which has disorganised our and so many other households:—

"As you say, all social arrangements have become as uncertain as in the 'Reign of Terror' or during the 'Plague of Athens.'"

Hampden writes under date 14th May:—

"Suda Bay is an awful place—just bare hills. If you go far from the high road you are murdered, and you are not allowed to carry a gun ashore for fear you raise a rebellion."

Took the chair at the Society of Arts, where I also presided on the 28th April, when Colonel Hasted read his paper on the Periar project, a pet child of the Madras Government. To-day the subject was Indian History, and the reader of the paper was Mr. Tupper, Chief Secretary to the Government of the Punjaub. I thought

the most interesting part was, perhaps, the account of the Roman Government of Egypt, translated into our Anglo-Indian official language; but the whole was good. Sir Alfred Lyall and others took part in the discussion, in winding up which I mentioned that the way in which the Romans governed their provinces had much occupied the mind of Mountstuart Elphinstone towards the end of his life, and I expressed a hope that Mr. Tupper, who has had the advantage of the researches of Mommsen, which have appeared since Mr. Elphinstone's death, might in the course of next century have an opportunity of discussing the subject with him in the Elysian Fields.

29. Replied to a letter of Madame Renan's about my Richmond and Twickenham Addresses, in which she says:—

"Tout ce que vous avez cité dans vos deux lectures est remarquable, j'aime spécialement la pièce de vers de Lady Dufferin à son fils et celle de Lady Nairn. 'Would you be young again?' qui sont d'un sentiment si vrai et si touchant. J'ai relu, emporté par ce courant de poésie dans une langue que j'aime tant, ce delightful *Golden Treasury* comme vous l'appelez si bien et que vous même avez donné á mon mari, je crois, il y a bien des années."

30. The Breakfast Club met at Courtney's. Conversation turned, as it does everywhere, on the influenza, and our host mentioned that he had seen, in an old album at Broadlands, an epigram by Canning, in which he traced

its prevalence to the malign influence of the Doctor, *i.e.* Addington.

Dined at the India Office, sitting between Northbrook and Sir A. Alison. I talked with the former about Mr. Tupper's paper mentioned above, and he told me that when he was sent to Egypt, he had occasion to look into some of the Roman arrangements for the management of that province, and found that they had organised a regular camel post as far as Wady Halfa.

From Lord Cross's dinner I went to the Foreign Office, where Sir George Bowen told me that he had had to propose the health of the present Bishop of Oxford, and of Freeman, at Trinity College, Oxford. In the course of his speech he mentioned that when Lord Morley and Freeman were together in Montenegro they got into some difficulty on a precipice, and the latter was in a rather awkward position. "Come here, come here; make an effort," said Lord Morley. "If Stubbs were to call me I could not come," was the characteristic reply.

31. Walked with Mademoiselle de Perpigna and Madeleine across the Park. As we returned, my wife and I stopped before a bed of superb pansies, the finest I ever saw. After admiring them for some moments she said: "But look at their individual expressions. Haven't they got exactly the faces of Mahratta Brahmins?" And they have!

June

1. The *Times* of this morning contained a telegraphic announcement of the death of my old and intimate friend John Webster, of Edgehill, whose name is so often mentioned in these Notes—another victim to this terrible influenza! He was the best specimen I ever came across of the best type of Scotch townsman: strenuous in business—public and private—open-minded, clear-headed and wise, well deserving, too, of the praise which my wife gave him years ago when she said that he was "cultured like a Medici." The north-east of Scotland has had no such loss for many and many a day.

2. Dined with Coleridge in the Middle Temple Hall, very familiar to me between thirty and forty years ago (when Maine was giving there the brilliant lectures which were afterwards incorporated in *Ancient Law*), but which I have never entered since those days.

One piece of ceremonial was new to me. Each guest was assigned to a Master of the Bench, who took him into dinner as if he were a lady, and acted as his Providence throughout the evening. I fell to the lot of Mr. Cowie, who was Advocate-General in Calcutta twenty years ago.

4. Geffcken, of whom I saw so much when he was Minister for the Hanse Towns here during the Sixties, and who is one of the fast diminishing company of those who stayed with us at Eden, suddenly appeared yesterday and asked me to take the chair at a lecture which he gave to-day on Russian Finance. The lecture was interesting, but the people in charge of the arrangements had mismanaged everything, and it was heard by very few persons. Since he left London in 1868, Geffcken has spent a couple of years as a member of the Senate at Hamburg, then eleven as Professor of International Law at Strassburg, and has successfully resisted Bismarck's attempts to crush him.

On my way home I met Sir Harry Lumsden, and we talked of the Manipur affair. He said, "They forgot Sir Henry Lawrence's advice—'Whatever you do,' he kept repeating in the closing days of his life, 'make no terms; they will promise everything, and cut your throats none the less.'"

5. Arthur Russell said to me to-day at the Levée: "I am old enough to remember William IV. sitting on his throne in this room. I came here with my mother to a children's party."

Dined with the Milnes Gaskells.

In the course of the evening I asked Mr. Myers about what he was writing? "Chiefly," he replied, "about

ghosts." I said that I regretted that we seemed likely to have no more *Vergils*, alluding to a masterly essay which he wrote some years ago. "My present subject would have interested Vergil," he answered. "It appears from a passage in Varro that he had *séances*. What passed at them," he added, "we do not know; but I make no doubt that we owe to them much of the Sixth *Æneid*."

Judge Snagge said to me this afternoon: "I bought recently one of the Arundel marbles for a sovereign."

"How did that happen," I enquired?

"I saw," he said, "a navvy at a station on the Underground Railway with a head in his hand. At the first glance I thought it was an ordinary plaster cast, but on looking closer I saw that it was of marble, and asked the man where he had got it."

"'I got it,' he replied, 'in digging the foundations of a house in Surrey Street.'

"'What do you mean to do with it?' I asked.

"'I mean to sell it. I want a sovereign for it.'

"'I will be happy to give you a sovereign,' I rejoined, 'if you will show me where you got it.'

"This the man proceeded to do, and the foreman confirmed his story, adding that he was allowed to take away any rubbish he might find. I gave him the sovereign, jumped into a hansom, and went straight to the British

Museum, where it was identified as a fine Greek head of an athlete in Parian marble. The explanation is, I have no doubt, this: Lord Arundel, whose gardens stood on that site, collected, as we know, a great quantity of antique relics; these were brought up the Thames and piled on his premises to be sorted. A period of confusion came; they were overlooked, and eventually, when the garden was cut up, were used as building materials."

8. Dined at Grillion's. Lord Norton mentioned that when the last Lord Salisbury had bought the island of Rum he took to breeding sheep there, cargoes of which he brought from time to time to Hatfield. One day some Hebridean hawk or eagle, I forget which, made its appearance in the park, and the first idea was that it had followed its prey from the Northern Seas. Arthur Russell, who was present, remembered the creature, who was captured and kept in a cage.

11. Dr. Munthe, a Swede practising in Rome, and a friend of Evelyn's, dined with us. He mentioned that he had heard a priest, preaching in the streets at Naples upon the fifth commandment, quote as a warning the story of Christ's saying to His mother: "Woman, what have I to do with thee!" and adding, "e perciò è mal finito!"

12. Clara told me that a friend of ours got into a carriage on the Underground Railway and found in it but

one occupant, a lady with her dog. The lady was very much excited, and said that "only a moment before, a person had come to the window, who, seeing the dog, had exclaimed: 'Beast!' and departed." "Oh!" said our friend sympathetically, "she couldn't have meant your dog."

Clara avers also that ———, who is the very pink of propriety in dress, manners and conduct, was talking at the opera to a girl from beyond the Atlantic about the charms of his cousin; at that moment she entered a box, and he drew the attention of his companion to her. After studying her features, the American exclaimed: "Well, I don't think your cousin is such a screaming ring-snake as you say!"

13. The Breakfast Club met under the wing of Goschen.

Aberdare told us that an acquaintance of his was in the habit, whenever he wanted a little distraction in London, of jumping into a hansom and telling the man to drive to the Theological Gardens. He never failed to be taken straight to the wild beasts!

Conversation found its way to Disraeli, and to the famous occasion when, as leader of the House, he, although a thoroughly sober man, got completely intoxicated whilst he was speaking, thanks to the Whip bringing him in glass after glass of too strong liquor. A night or two after he made a speech extremely decorous and

extremely dull. "I prefer Philip drunk to Philip sober," said Lowe to Aberdare.

Our host also mentioned that, soon after he entered the Palmerston Government, he found himself, at a Trinity House dinner, sitting next Disraeli, who, in the course of the evening, recounted to him part of a conversation held in this country with Bismarck, who was then going to Berlin, and who said: "They think I am going to give them a constitution, but I am going to give them a country." After this had appeared, under a slight disguise, in *Endymion*, Goschen asked Bismarck if it was true, and he replied, "Yes, substantially."

Dined with the Courtneys, meeting Stuart Rendel, Mr. Haldane, and others. Sir Robert Cunliffe told us that he once went to Chambord, and was shown over it by a custodian very much attached to the Bourbon family. Sir Robert and his companion listened, with much deference, to all they heard; but at last one of them asked with reference to the Salamanders, which are carved upon the building, "Whether these animals were found in the neighbourhood." "Pas maintenant," was the answer, "mais autrefois il y en avait beaucoup."

15. Presided at the anniversary of the Royal Geographical Society, delivered the Annual Address on the progress of Geography, and was re-elected President.

Dined at Grillion's, where I took the chair, with Sir

Reginald Welby on my right, and John Morley on my left.

Lord Norton told us that when he came of age, Peel, who was his next neighbour, was extremely civil to him, and had him much at Drayton. He happened to be there with a large party, composed principally of Tory Ministers, when the news came that *Talleyrand's Memoirs* were not to be published for thirty years. "How shall we be able," said one of them, "to restrain our impatience for thirty years?" "I," said Croker, "shall have no difficulty in restraining mine, for if they came out now, I should not believe a word of them."

16. Dined with The Club—a party of twelve at a long table, impossible for general conversation. The Duc d'Aumale talked of his vineyards in Sicily. He sends the greater part of the "mosto" to a dealer at Marseilles, who turns it into Vermouth; but Layard, who sat on my left, declared that the estate also produced very excellent wine, which should be better advertised and known in England. Syracuse came up, and H.R.H. spoke with great admiration of Euryālus, the Greek fortress on the heights above that city (see these Notes for 1887). I entirely agreed with all he said, but he is the very first human being I have ever heard mention it; when I said so, however, Lord Carlisle, who was on my right, protested that he too had greatly admired it, and had often spoken about it. Then

the Anapus and its border of papyrus had their turn. How well I remembered being sorely tempted to bathe in the fountain of Cyane at the head of the river, and being warned against it. It is well, probably, that I did not, for Lord Carlisle's companion caught a most desperate fever by bathing in those waters, although Lord Carlisle himself did not suffer from doing so.

Mr. Maunde Thompson mentioned that Professor Villari had told him that a gentleman had once presented him to his wife as Professor Vasari, "who wrote so well the lives of the Italian painters!"

19. In the evening I delivered the second of the series of lectures which the Royal Asiatic Society has lately instituted, Max Müller having given the first some weeks ago. The place was the theatre of the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, and my subject was South India. Northbrook was in the chair; Aberdare proposed the vote of thanks.

20. I went this forenoon to the library of the Linnean Society to see the figure of *Davidia* mentioned in the following extract from a letter of Dyer's:—

"*Davidia involucrata* is a very remarkable tree. Its affinities are with the genus *Nyssa*, a North American genus—itself of doubtful affinity. The flora of China is, however, in many respects closely related to that of North America. The tribe *Nysseæ* is for the present included in *Cornaceæ*. It includes another Tibetan genus—*Camptotheca*."

"There is a figure of *Davidia* which you will find in the Nouvelles Archives du Museum (Qe Serie viii. to x.), either at the Royal or Linnean."

In the afternoon I went to Kew, my fourth visit, I think, since it was last mentioned in these Notes. Everything was looking beautiful, but my principal errand was to see the magnificent *Primula Imperialis* from the mountains of the Eastern Archipelago, which is flowering at present in the Alpine house. It has a very strong succulent stem, and numerous whorls of rich golden flowers.

Arthur Russell writes :—

"How carelessly people do quote! ——— has

"'Roi ne suis, ni Prince aussi
Suis le Seigneur de Conti.'

"There are two versions of this motto :—

"'Roy ne veux, Prince ne puis
Suis le Sire de Coucy.'

"'Roy ne puis, Duc ne daigne
Rohan je suis' (this is correct).

"'Roi je ne peux, Duc je ne veux,
Rohan je suis' (often said, but not correct)."

22. Dined with Mrs. Burr. Layard asked me if I knew, which I did not, that there was an American Order. Washington, it seems, created one, and called it after Cincinnatus. It is hereditary, and Layard's French colleague at Madrid, M. de Bouillé, had inherited it.

23. I received yesterday from Mr. Lewis Morris, the author of the *Epic of Hades*, a note in which he informed me that he was deputed by the Political Committee of the Reform Club to ask if I would consent to be elected a member of that Society, *honoris causa*. It appears that by its rules the Political Committee is permitted to elect each year two members who have rendered "marked and obvious services to the Liberal Party," and that the practice, since the great calamity of 1886, has been to select for election one Unionist and one Gladstonian, so as to maintain the *modus vivendi* between the two sections. This year the choice had fallen on Bryce and myself. I have replied, thanking the Committee very much for the honour done me, and saying that if I were still in the House of Commons, I should have accepted their proposal with the greatest pleasure; but that ten years would have passed to-morrow since I left that Assembly, to which I had no intention of returning; that under these circumstances I thought one political club was quite enough, and was unwilling to break my long connection with Brooks's, which has now lasted for more than thirty-five years.

25. At the Whitbreads, some of us, who were going on to the Concert, dined in full dress. One of these was Northbrook, who wore the uniform which the Shah's Secretary accurately, but misleadingly, described, on his last visit to England, as that of "un frére ainé de la Trinité."

The name of Lady Clark, of Tillypronie, coming up, in talk with Lord Aberdeen, I mentioned two amusing epitaphs which she repeated to me many years ago (see these Notes for 1879), and he cited in return one which was passed from mouth to mouth when I was young, but is, I suppose, now pretty generally forgotten. It was supposed to have been placed by Soyer, the famous *chef*, upon the tomb of his wife :—

"Soyez tranquille."

How the things and people of our early days—great and small—*are* forgotten! It appears that many of the undergraduates at the Commemoration in Oxford the other day had never heard of the Duc d'Aumale till he came up to receive his D.C.L. Clara, who was present in the theatre, heard some one call out, "Who is the Duc d'Aumale?" to which another idiot, more witty if not less ignorant, replied, "L'Enfant prodigue," the name of a pantomimic play which is interesting London at present.

26. Finished reading through *Debita Flacco*, a series of extremely pleasant Horatian echoes which Mr. E. Pember, Q.C., sent me some days ago. He says in his preface :—

"If there were degrees of the impossible, its climax would be reached in the efforts to render an antique, and of all antiques, perhaps Horace. But his social affinities are so far-reaching as to leave it not quite out of the question that one should give to

those who cannot read him some notion of what he was in his lighter moods. This I have tried to do by placing some of his smaller pieces side by side with a series of parallels worked upon motives and incidents taken from modern life. In doing so, it may be that I shall have pleased some of the friends among whom I have ventured to distribute this little book."

The following verses on the *Motif*:—

"Quæ mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit?
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ?"

seem among the best.

"Youth—like to Manna in the Wilderness—
Spreads out its glittering chances day by day,
And day by day the waning stores grow less,
And hoarded or unreaped alike decay.

"You turn away from the celestial food,
Strewn for your banquet by benignant skies,
And, masters only of the merry mood,
Spurn each neglected offering as it lies.

"So did not I, thank God! Love's sunny lands
In grateful retrospect I still descry,
Albeit that a tear-stained head-stone stands
To mar the foreground of my memory.

"Gay cynics of the smoking-room take care,
Lest haply some of you may sometimes say,
'Why are we not to-day what once we were?'
Or 'Why not once that which we are to-day?'"

27. The Breakfast Club met at 13 Great Cumberland Place. "Imagine," said Trevelyan, speaking of ancient

Athens, "a society in which it was quite the natural thing to discuss at great length whether Jacob Omnium was taller than Bonamy Price by bigness or by two feet!" I said that if I had been the contemporary of Socrates, I should have been so bored by him as to have voted unhesitatingly for the hemlock, and told the story about Bishop Thirlwall, cited under the date of March 27th. This turned the conversation to that learned person, and Aberdare asked me if I had read the Bishop's letters to Miss Johnes, which he most strongly commended. I do not remember how we got to a speech which Gerard Sturt, now Lord Alington, made long ago in the House of Commons about the Game Laws. He was interrupted by a Scotch Member, who, speaking with a very strong accent, said with regard to some proposition, "That is not the case in Scotland." "I know nothing about Scotland," replied the orator; "I don't understand the language." The interrupter, by the way, was remarkable not only for the strangeness of his accent, but for being lame and a great breeder of black cattle. It used to be said of him that he had the foot-and-mouth disease. I don't think I have ever noted the fact that Gerard Sturt, who hardly ever spoke, made two of the most effective speeches to which I ever listened in the House of Commons. The first was against the Derby Reform Bill in 1859; the second was the one to which I have just alluded. Both were in a very humorous vein, as was a

much less successful speech which I heard him make about racing.

Dufferin talked of the social changes which he observed in London—the immense stature of the young girls, the late hour at which balls begin, the independence of chaperons manifested thereat, and the improved dressing amongst the women of all classes.

29. Returned from Ely, whither we went on Saturday to stay with the Bishop and Lady Alwyne Compton. I had not seen the cathedral since the spring of 1856, when I stayed for a day or two at the house of one of the canons, long since dead. It was then in great confusion, and in the hands of the restorer—Mr. Le Strange, father of the first Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, being engaged in painting the roof, which was afterwards completed by Mr. Gambier Parry. I had not, accordingly, any adequate idea of its magnificence. It is the second longest cathedral in England, Winchester surpassing it by a few feet, and I do not at this moment recall any more striking sight of the kind than that which was presented on the evening of the 27th, when floods of sunshine were streaming through the great western door. The octagon where the transepts unite, the work of Alan de Walsingham, is, I suppose, a unique feature, and very beautiful. The decorated work in the Lady Chapel and elsewhere, marked, as some one said, by all the redundancy of nature itself, is beyond praise.

I saw as much of the noble building as I well could in the time, going to the early celebration on the 28th, to Matins, to the Litany and Anthem in the afternoon, and to the earlier part of the evening service. The rest of the time was passed chiefly in the beautiful old garden of the palace, in the centre of which is an Oriental plane, considered to be the largest tree of its kind, still healthy and vigorous, to be found in any part of Europe. The Comptons have introduced a very great number of herbaceous plants. Two, quite unfamiliar to me, and highly deserving of introduction, wherever they will grow, are *Verbascum Olympicum* and *Ligularia macrophylla*, the last a very curious composite, with leaves like a crucifer, from the high ranges of Central Asia.

Lady Alwyne told us that Rogers had been kind to her as a girl, and that she used to be asked out to meet him at Brighton by people who wished to keep him in good humour. On one occasion Young, the actor, whom Rogers cordially detested, was much to the front, and the great man was proportionably sulky. "It is very good of you, Mr. Rogers," said some one, "to have come here when you might have gone to a wedding in London." "I sometimes prefer a funeral to a wedding," was the amiable reply.

Our hostess also mentioned that once she took Mdlle. de Peyronnet to the Royal Academy Soirée. It was the heyday of the æsthetic craze in dress, and when she asked her

friend next morning how the entertainment had pleased her, she replied: "I am horrified to think that all those people are at large this morning!"

To Lady Alwyne, too, I owe a happy division of much of modern biography into two large classes—autobiography and ought-not-to-biography. A saying about a lady, which she quoted, is also happy—"Flattery is her battery."

Sir Thomas Wade, who was our fellow-guest, spoke gloomily of the future of China. He says that Davis's book on that country is still by very much the best. He made me laugh, too, by the reply made to him, when he was a young officer serving in China, by a Scotch private who had fired, when on outpost duty, at an imaginary enemy, and was about to fire again: "I would have you consider, sir, that we are here in a very *precautious* situation."

To the concluding Geographical Council, Club dinner and Meeting of the season. At the last, a paper was read upon the Yoruba country to the north-east of Lagos, in which occurred the following passage with reference to the earthworms:—

"I may say, speaking from the result of numerous experiments, that five pounds is a very moderate yearly estimate of the work done by these busy labourers on each square foot of soil. Even at this moderate estimate, however, of the annual result of their work, we have a total of not less than 62,233 tons of sub-soil brought to the surface on each square mile of cultivable land in the Yoruba country every year. This work goes on

unceasingly, year after year, and to the untiring labours of its earthworms, this part of West Africa owes the livelihood of its people. Where the worms do not work, the Yoruba knows that it is useless to make his farm."

It would appear that the Yoruba farmers anticipated Darwin!

30. Mr. Arthur Milman, Registrar of the University of London, writes:—

"I have much pleasure in informing you that a warrant under the Royal Sign Manual has been received here, appointing you to be a Fellow of the University of London, in the place of Lord Derby, now Chancellor."

Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary, wrote to me a week or two ago to ask if he might take the Queen's pleasure about this appointment, and Lord Derby, in whose hands as Chancellor, the nomination rests, also mentioned the matter to me.

Dined with The Club. We were only half as numerous as on the last occasion, and it was at least twice as agreeable. Huxley, Maunde Thompson, Lecky, Dr. Smith, and Arthur Russell made the party. We came to a resolution, which was not formally recorded, that Dr. Smith, who had taken Reeve's place for the night, and was in temporary possession of our sacred books, should write to Reeve to suggest that we ought to entrust them during the recess to Maunde Thompson, who would immediately put them

under the Manuscript Rules of the British Museum, and have them copied there, with a view to such portions of them being printed as "The Club" might ultimately think right. It seems quite absurd that a document of such interest should be at the absolute mercy of a fire.

Huxley said that Murchison, as a man of science, was not comparable to Lyell, while as an administrator he was exceptionally weak, and a great contrast to De la Beche, who was a man of very high ability. He mentioned, too, that he himself had not originally any strong bias towards Natural History, but had been led into it by accidental circumstances. What he wished to be was a mechanical engineer, and he had not the slightest turn for collecting—a turn which he evidently thought was almost indispensable to a naturalist.

Other subjects were the Accadians and the question whether they invaded a Semitic, or the Semites an Accadian country; the origin of the old Egyptians, whom Huxley is still inclined to connect with the Dravidians, as these are, in their turn, connected, according to him, with the aboriginal Australians; the *a priori* probability that Sir George Lewis's scepticism about the cuneiform inscriptions would turn out correct, and the complete falsification of his views by subsequent discoveries.

Arthur Russell sent me from the Ridgeway, on July 15th, a note he made, under date of July 1st, with reference to this dinner:—

"How interesting Huxley was last night while he explained Darwin to Lecky. I thought of an encounter I had with him in the days of our Metaphysical Society. Darwin says (*Descent of Man*, i. page 61), that the hen birds seem to prefer cocks with brilliant plumage, but why they should prefer the beautiful to the ugly, Darwin admits to be a mystery he cannot account for. The offspring of these marriages are modified by heredity in accordance with the preference of their mothers, and I maintained that Darwin admitted unwittingly a Platonic idea among the powers that changed the material world. I was well supported, but Huxley would not listen. He repeated only that I had quoted an isolated passage, and that Darwin could never have said anything so absurd, and that I must have misunderstood him; but I still believe that I was right."

July

3. Walked with Arthur Russell across the Green Park and up Down Street, where I reminded my companion of Disraeli's saying to us as we passed through the same quarter thirty-one years ago: "Ah! these are the little streets where the French cooks live"—a reminiscence of Tancred. Our talk to-day somehow found its way to Broadlands, and my companion mentioned that long years ago, when people were very much frightened by Bright's Reform speeches, Lavradio, the Portuguese Minister, had said to him: "Il n'est pas à craindre parcequ'il a l'esprit droit. Les hommes qui

sont à craindre en politique sont ceux qui ont l'esprit faux."

During the same visit Drouyn de l'Huys, who had been closeted all the morning with Palmerston, trying, I suppose to get him to agree to something to which he would not agree, came out of the house, and seeing the carriage standing in front of it with the motto, "Flecti non Frangi," remarked to Arthur Russell, "Il ment à sa dévise."

4. On our return to London from York House and a garden party at Ham, the Lubbocks, the Midletons, Count Szapàry and others came to dinner. Lord Cross mentioned in the course of the evening that when ——— had been knocked down by an omnibus, he spoke of the event to Lord A——— as a sad one. "I don't take your view at all," was the reply; "he was eighty, and quite *entitled* to be knocked down by an omnibus."

5. I made very unexpectedly, on the 29th, the acquaintance of the lady to whose correspondence with Bishop Thirlwall Aberdare alluded on the 27th. She married General Hills, and is now Lady Hills-Johnes. I went to see her this afternoon, at 38 Lowndes Street, and we had a long conversation. She told me that her life had been saved by the last Lord Lytton, who extinguished the flames when her dress caught fire at the house of Lady Llanover, and that she had come to know him very well. She said that he thought that it was by his *King Arthur* that he would

be longest remembered. He gave her a curious account, when rowing on the lake at Knebworth, of a sort of vision in which he had seen "the greatest man who had ever lived," by which phrase apparently he meant to designate Plato. Another person of whom she spoke much was Mr. Temple Leader, who was, for a short time, a more or less conspicuous figure in the House of Commons, but has long disappeared from English life, and has built himself a magnificent castle not far from Florence.

6. Dined with the Literary Society, which mustered very strong, too strong for general conversation. The Dean of Westminster told an amusing story of Arthur Stanley's having been stopped by a bridal party in the pass where Œdipus was believed to have slain his father. They insisted upon his pledging the health of the bride in a silver cup, which he proceeded to do, but his horse taking fright went off at score, and our respectable friend was for a brief period believed to be a brigand escaping with ill-gotten treasure. The Dean mentioned that when working men came to be shown round the Abbey, he often tried the experiment of alluding to one of Scott's novels and asking how many of them had read it, eliciting, in general, a fairly satisfactory response. De Tabley and he talked of poets reading their own verses, and he said that he thought the most successful performer in that line whom he had come across was Mr. Barnes.

Du Maurier spoke with the most enthusiastic admiration of the work of Mr. Keene, long, like himself, connected with *Punch*, and said, that as compared with him all the rest of the group were amateurs. Henry Doyle, with whom I walked away, said, however, that he did himself great injustice, for that his work was very distinctly superior to Keene's.

We have suffered much of late in our clerical members, losing in a very brief period Canon Liddon and two Archbishops of York. Coleridge told a story of the last of these which was not known to me. A waiter spilt some soup over him, whereupon he looked round the table and said: "Will any layman express my feelings?" A similar tale, by the way, is told of an eminent judge. A new member was introduced into his court, who was by no means welcomed with open arms. One learned brother was so outraged by the appointment, that he poured forth a perfect torrent of imprecations. "My dear ———," said the eminent judge alluded to, "I don't swear, but would you mind saying all that over again, just once—*for me.*"

11. The Breakfast Club met under the wing of Aberdare who has sold his own house and is established for the moment at 22 Elvaston Place. Wolseley, Dufferin, Robert Herbert, Lyall and Reay were present. De Tabley was duly elected as an ordinary member, Wolseley being trans-

ferred, during the period of his Irish command, to the Honorary List.

Aberdare told us that his connection Sir Patrick MacDougal, in whose house we were assembled, was Commander-in-Chief in Canada at the time of the Fenian raid. Money was urgently wanted for the troops; he went, accordingly, to Sir John Macdonald and another minister. They were both hopelessly and helplessly drunk, so that MacDougal had to spend £50,000 on his own authority, and come to them for the requisite sanction when they had recovered their senses.

Arthur Russell told us also that Gladstone had talked with much enthusiasm to Mr. Lowell about the noble conduct of the United States Government in providing pensions to the extent of many millions a year for persons who had been in the Civil War. "I do not wish to disparage the generosity of my countrymen," was the reply, "but I may just observe that these persons are voters!"

Russell mentioned too that there had lately been a grand squabble in the French Press. Some one who intervened in the dispute observed: "Ah! Messieurs, aimez vous les uns les autres car si vous n'aimez pas les uns les autres qui diable vous aimera?"

13. Dined at Grillion's—ten, I think, being present. Bowen, who was in the chair, sat at one end of the table,

and we fell into two groups—he, Meade, Arthur Mills, and I talking together, while Chitty, Robert Herbert, Lord Norton, Lord Fortescue, and Welby formed almost a separate party; Sir James Paget, who sat on my right, acting as a sort of hyphen.

Sir James Paget said that an American lady observed to the last Lord Beauchamp (famous in my day at Oxford and in the House of Commons as Frederick Lygon, for his ultra-Tory opinions and good looks, both of which he retained to the last), "Guess you made your pile out of your pills!"[1]

Bowen called my attention to a passage of Lacordaire's about Venice, which I either had not read or had forgotten, spoke with enthusiastic admiration of Renan's reply to Pasteur on his reception at the French Academy, remarked on the great space which Balliol and its influence will fill in the records of our time, dwelt on Jowett's services to the College, as well as on his literary merits, and told a variety of stories about him, all well known, but always heard with pleasure wherever his old pupils are gathered.

A story about Dr. Routh, of Magdalen, was less familiar, though not quite unknown to me. Some men had stayed up there at Christmas on the pretext of reading, but really

[1] This tale, which may, for all I know, be only "ben trovato," is told in several ways. According to one version the remark was made amongst Lord Beauchamp's ancestral trees at Madresfield!

to hunt, and the College much wished to get rid of them. Difficulties arising, an appeal was made to the President, who issued a notice to the effect that every one who stayed up would be expected to attend chapel twice a day, and that the kitchen and buttery would be closed till further notice, observing as he did so: "This kind goeth not out save by prayer and fasting."

One of the party related that the Bishop of ———, whose sight has got very bad, was accosted at the Reading station by a much younger man, who asked him how he was?" "I am very well," said the Bishop. "How's your father?" "I regret to say," answered the other, "that he has been dead for many years." "Oh!" was the rejoinder; "how's your mother?" "She, I am happy to say, is very well," was the reply. "Who was that young man?" presently inquired the Bishop of his chaplain. "That," he answered, "was the Duke of Connaught!"

I think it was Arthur Mills who said that Gladstone had once been supporting the thesis that men now lived too long, citing, as an illustration of the inconvenience, the advanced age which the present Sir Thomas Acland reached before he ceased to be in the position of an eldest son. The only remedy, it was suggested, would be to throw parents who live too long over a precipice. Gladstone objected to such an extreme course, but the late Archbishop of York (Magee) remarked: "He need

not be afraid of the precipice; he has gone over it already!"

There was much talk of Dean Stanley also, in which Meade, who had travelled with him in Palestine, and Arthur Mills, who knew him very intimately, took the principal part. The latter mentioned that Stanley had said, when he had accepted some work which was very uncongenial to him: "After all, it will last only a few months, and not be like a bishopric—misery for life."

15. De Tabley, Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, the Milnes Gaskells, and others, dined here. Madame Tornielli, the wife of the Italian ambassador, told me that she was the grand-daughter of Rostopchin whom, however, she never saw, as he died in 1825, when her father was only twelve years old. Some years after the event which made him famous, he became intimate with the Duke of Wellington, who said to him: "If you hadn't burnt Moscow I shouldn't have won Waterloo." During the occupation of Paris, the Duke found in an *atelier* a Wouvermans, which had been bought by an artist at some low price for the purpose of being altered into a battle-piece recording the glories of Napoleon. After his fall the transformation would have been unprofitable, and the picture, unaltered, was bought by the Duke, who sent it to Rostopchin with the words: "Je vous envoie les dépouilles opimes de votre illustre vaincu."

I asked Madame Tornielli if she had ever known the Prince and Princess Lapoukhyn? She said, "No," but that she knew well his nephew, who is now the owner of Korsen. She connects two generations of our family in a pleasant way, having known my brother Ainslie before he changed his name, as a young secretary in St. Petersburg, and Arthur in a similar capacity at Madrid.

I asked Madame Akerman, the wife of the Swedish Minister, which was the highest Swedish Order? She said, "The Seraphim, next comes the Polar Star, and then the Order of Vasa." There came back to me, as we talked, Chesterfield's story of the "solid" Dane, who, upon seeing the order of the St. Esprit, remarked: "Nôtre St. Esprit chez nous c'est un éléphant." Madame Tornielli said that the collar of the Annunziata was the highest Italian decoration, placing those who had it in the position of cousins of the King. Later I went to the Cosmopolitan, where I found a tolerably large party, amongst others, Meade, Kingscote, Errington, Henry Grenfell, Percy Wyndham, and Henry Doyle.

17. Dined with a very large party of men at Sir Sydney Waterlow's, sitting next the Bishop of Derry, with whom I talked of many things and people. Among the latter was the late Archbishop of York, Dr. Magee. I remarked that he was the only very eminent person I had ever come across who had avowed himself a believer in ghosts. The

Bishop said that he knew that Magee did believe in them, and added, what was quite new to me, that Arthur Stanley had had at one time a very strong interest in that subject. He would appear to have come to much the same conclusion as that at which the Psychical Society has, I understand, provisionally arrived, that there is very strong evidence for the appearance of people at the moment of death, but he was not able to find any reliable evidence for any ghost story of the ordinary type.

18. The Breakfast Club met at Lyall's, De Tabley attending for the first time, Dufferin, Aberdare, Robert Herbert, Lacaita, and Courtney being also present. Lacaita told us that he had been induced to learn English in consequence of having been asked to dinner by Mr. Troup, the American Minister at Naples. When he arrived, he found himself *tête-à-tête* with his host, who could not speak a word of any modern language except his own. They tried Latin, but the difference of pronunciation made oral communication hopeless, and each was reduced to write what he had to say, upon slips of paper.

20. Returned to York House from Salisbury, whither I went with Clara on the afternoon of the 18th to stay with the Dean.

On the 19th I walked over with Lecky to Bemerton.

The Nadder, a tributary of the Avon, which flows past the garden, was slightly turbid; but I remembered

Palgrave's lines—quoted in these Notes for January 1891—which accurately represent it as I last saw it:—

> "His memory is Peace: and peace is here—
> The eternal lullaby of the level brook,
> With bird-like chirpings mingled, glassy-clear."

I was told, yesterday evening, that Mrs. Coxe, widow of the famous old Librarian of the Bodleian and mother-in-law of the Bishop of Salisbury, had regretted not having seen me when we were at the Palace on Saturday afternoon, as she remembered my first visit to Oxford, as a boy of sixteen, in 1845, the same on which I made, "the pilgrimage of Littlemore." I went accordingly to see her to-day, and found her rather deaf, but in other respects apparently very strong and well at the respectable age of eighty-eight.

The most interesting new thing I saw was Canon Swayne's garden, a long parallelogram running down to the Avon. Its most marked feature is a broad grass walk, on either side of which is a most beautiful company of herbaceous plants, so arranged that from Spring to Autumn it is always full of glorious colour. There are also two rockeries covered with Alpine plants, which one ought to have seen a month ago; but on one of which I beheld, for the first time, the leaf, not alas! the flower, of *Wulfenia Carinthiaca*.

Sir Frederick Bramwell told the Bishop of Derry at

Sir S. Waterlow's on the 17th, that although well acquainted with the Bible he had been completely puzzled by some one who asked him where the text occurred: "Four on the Causeway and two at Parbar." The Bishop was equally nonplussed, as was I. I looked it up accordingly to-day, and discovered that it was to be found in 1 Chronicles xxvi. 18.

George Boyle told us that Dr. Law, Bishop, I think, of Bath and Wells, had filled the diocese with his relations, taking little account of their merit or demerit. "Plurimæ leges pessima respublica," said Scott, afterwards Master of Balliol.

I asked in the course of talk whether Jowett had not been at one time a follower of Newman's. "Oh yes," was the reply. "When Jenkyns was first advised to make him a tutor he answered: 'No, I will not appoint that young man; he is *infected!*'"

We talked of links between our lives and the past. George Boyle said: "I remember as a child being kissed on both cheeks by Count Flahault. A tall, military-looking man took me up in his arms and said, 'So this is a child of Camilla Smythe's.' 'That is something,' said my father, 'for you always to remember. That gentleman was Sebastiani's aide-de-camp in the retreat from Moscow.' I remember, too," he added, "being told by my father to mount my pony and take back his

spectacles to a guest who had left them behind. I did so. Their owner was Lord Lynedoch."

Lecky told me that Stopford Brooke was connected with the Brooke who wrote *The Fool of Quality*, and that the name of Honour has been handed down in the family in connection with an incident in the Irish Rebellion of the 17th century. He also said that Carlyle had lived about two years too long. He remarked to Lecky before he died: "I cannot remember anything I have written." Our talk wandered to Palmer of Magdalen, Lord Selborne's brother, and I mentioned that the Rev. Sir W. Palmer—Palmer of Worcester—had been called "Blessing Palmer," to distinguish him from his anathematic namesake. "He ill deserved the title," said Lecky; "his book on the Church is about as intolerant and damnatory a work as can readily be found."

Both Lecky and Boyle spoke very highly of Fitzgerald, the Bishop of Killaloe, whom Stanley used to speak of as "the Thirlwall of Ireland."

23. Attended, at Marlborough House, the first General Meeting of the Governing Body of the Imperial Institute. Thence I passed to the British Museum, where I saw, under the auspices of Mr. Murray, the beautiful gold cup and still more beautiful gold ornaments found lately in a tomb at Ægina, and going back to the heroic age of Greece. They have just been offered to the nation for

£4,000. Nothing like them has, it would seem, been hitherto discovered, with the exception of the objects which Schliemann found at Mycenæ.

In the course of talk I found that I had done injustice to a dealer in Rome, from whom I bought, in 1876, some very beautiful gems he described as having been cut last century, but which I supposed to have been cut in our own times. I took off a very large one which I was wearing, representing a sea-nymph, or a sea-goddess, if not Aphrodite herself, drying her hair, and showed it to Mr. Murray, who said that the man who sold it, quite correctly attributed it to the last century.

My attention was called, in the Elgin room, to a cast of the frieze which still remains *in situ* at Athens, as it was in the days of Lord Elgin, and another taken recently, showing the most serious change for the worse; while there is not the slightest evidence that the marbles which that nobleman brought to this country have suffered in the very slightest degree.

At the Athenæum I met Sayce, who has now become a permanent resident in Egypt, only revisiting England in the summer months. I asked him if he agreed with Huxley in thinking that the old Egyptians were connected with my Dravidians in South India. "Not at all," he said; "they were a white race, fairer, when not exposed to the sun, than the natives of Greece. The existing

people nearest to them, in my opinion, are the inhabitants of Southern Arabia." I asked him if the mystery of the Hyksos remained unsolved. "Yes," he said, "their origin is still a disputed question; my own impression is that they were a congeries of peoples who migrated into Egypt from Western Asia."

25. To a garden party at Hatfield, an immense gathering to do honour to the Prince of Naples. As on 27th June 1863, when I was last there, nothing in the house pleased me so much as the Golden Gallery, the ceiling of which recalls a highly ornate specimen of book-binding. On our way back to York House, Reay and I talked of Madame Tornielli, and he told me that an eminent personage, who knew whose grand-daughter she was, had remarked when he saw her eating an ice: "Voilà ce brasier héréditaire qui se refroidit."

26. A really beautiful day, almost the finest of the season the Reays, Mr. Haldane, and the Tyrrells at York House. Endless talk, chiefly about people, and much of it of a highly informing kind, though not to be recorded here. The subject of the incomes made at the Bar came up, and Mr. Haldane mentioned that one person well known to many of us had made over £23,000 in 1881, and had in 1889 and 1890 made £25,000!

In the afternoon we went over to Ham House, where, in addition to many things I had often seen before, I

noticed a contemporary miniature of Mary Stuart; one of Charles XII., given to him by Lord Carteret; and a portrait by Kneller of that able personage himself. Lady Huntingtower told me that she had found a paper, addressed by Fairfax to his subordinates, directing them to give protection to "Mrs. Murray, living in her own house at Ham." Mrs. Murray was really the Countess of Dysart, who was very glad, said my guide, to be protected under the humbler designation. I remembered the man in *The Pirate*, who thought it better "to live Jack Bunce than to hang as Frederick Altamont."

28. Madame Renan sends a pleasant account of her husband's day at Rosmapamon:—

"Lorsque de grand matin, il ouvre sa fenêtre, qui lui donne la vue d'un joli bois plein d'oiseaux, et qu'il se met au travail, il se sent assuré d'une pleine journée de paix que rien ne viendra interrompre, ni visites, ni Académies, ni devoirs extérieurs d'aucune sorte. Sa santé et son travail s'arrangent merveilleusement de ce régime. Jamais il ne s'est mieux porté, la promenade, qui lui est presque impossible à Paris, termine ici chaque journée de la manière la plus agréable; l'optimisme qui lui est naturel, s'en accroît. Quant au quatrième volume d'Israël, il avance rapidement; le manuscrit sera fini pour le moment de la rentrée à Paris."

29. Read at the Athenæum, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an article on history by J. Cotter Morrison, which contains the following pithy sentence:—

"A history of history is a desideratum in literature."

Attended for the first time a meeting of the Senate of the University of London, Lord Derby, as Chancellor, in the chair. Herschell, Sir James Paget, Lord Justice Fry, Professor Vines, the botanist, like myself just appointed, and several others were present. After business was over, Lord Derby, who had been looking in our agenda over the list of successful candidates at a recent examination, spoke to me about the strangeness of many English names, and sure enough, on a cursory inspection of the list alluded to, I find the following:—Felce, Agius, Lamsted, Rickword, Salanson, Shuffrey, Tuzo, Umney, Muddiman and St. Cedd.

30. I had read to me M. Gaston Boissier's chapter upon Julian the Apostate in his *Fin du Paganisme*. The newest thing to me which it contains is an account of a letter of Julian's recently found in the British Museum. It describes a visit paid by the future Emperor to the Troad. His guide there was Pegasus the Bishop, whom he discovered to be just as devoted to Christianity as he was himself, and whom he made, when he came to the throne, High Priest of the Gods!

August

5. My nephew Douglas, who is here, mentioned that Aubrey de Vere had lately said in his presence that he had spoken to Browning about the obscurity of his poems. "I have heard," he replied, "that criticism before, and have twice gone carefully through them without being able to detect a single obscure expression." Well might Aubrey de Vere say that they are written in a sort of shorthand!

8. I have had read to me in these last days Colonel Maurice's work on War, a republication, with additions, of the article mentioned in these Notes, under date of 19th March 1889.

Everything is changing so rapidly around us, that I am hardly surprised to observe that in the opinion of its author the whole vast expenditure of France upon her fortifications has, thanks to the adaptation of high explosives to artillery, ceased to guarantee her against direct attack. He thinks, too, that the invention has the most serious bearing upon the defence of the Channel, and says:—

"The point to which I want to get an answer, for which I have as yet asked in vain, is this: What is there to prevent a French Channel fleet being stored with shells recently filled with fresh-made explosives? Would those shells not, under those circum-

stances, be good for a week's work? Would any admiral like to meet a fleet armed with them if he had no high explosive shells himself? Could an English fleet, which must necessarily be gathered from many distant points, be as easily supplied with fresh-made roborite and fresh-filled shells as a French fleet, which had to issue direct from ports in which mélanite is made, could be stored with shells freshly filled with new mélanite?"

11. I have been looking through the volume of poems recently sent me by their author, the Bishop of Derry. The pearl of the collection is the ode recited in the Sheldonian at the Installation as Chancellor of the last Lord Derby, in 1853, with which I have been long familiar. and which, if one leaves out of consideration all the stanzas relating to that nobleman, must be pronounced one of the best poems of our generation. Next to it come the two Epitaphs, the first of which contains the lines:—

> "And lay it in our grass beside our foam,
> Till Christ the Healer calls His healers home";

and the second two not inferior to them:—

> "'Twas but one step for those victorious feet,
> From their day's walk into the golden street."

Very well, too, do the following verses describe the Oxford of 1845:—

> "A city of young life astir for fame,
> With generations each of three years' date—
> The waters fleeting, yet the fount the same—
> Where old age hardly enters thro' the gate.

"Forty years since! Thoughts now long over-blown,
Had just begun to quicken in the germ.
We sat discussing subjects dimly known,
One pleasant evening of the summer term.

"So question came of all things new and old,
And how the movement sped and where should lead!
Some, peradventure, scorn'd but more wax'd bold,
And bravely flaunted their triumphant creed.

"Grave grew the talk, and golden grew the gloom;
The reason might be weak, the voice was strong;
Outside, by fits and starts, from room to room
Boy called to boy, like birds in bursts of song..

. . . . . .

"And Hail the hour, they cried, when each high morn
England, at one, shall stand at the church gate,
And Vesper bells o'er all the land be borne,
And Newman mould the Church, and Gladstone stamp the State."

14. I took the chair yesterday and to-day at a meeting summoned to consider sanitary questions in India, in close connection with the Congress on Hygiene and Demography now holding its sittings in London. Many papers were read and much discussion took place upon highly important and profoundly disagreeable subjects.

Amongst the audience was my late Surgeon-General, Dr. Bidie, so often mentioned in the Indian volumes of these Notes. He dined with us to-night and gave an interesting account of the basaltic island of Canna, in the Hebrides, with its large black-backed gulls and wild goats. The

inhabitants are, it would seem, exclusively Catholic, and Lord Bute has built for them a chapel, which not only shows the way to the celestial city, but acts as a guide into their terrestrial harbour.

17. Crossed the Channel accompanied by Clara. From Folkestone to Amiens, where we stopped, we had Frank Galton with us. When about half-way to Boulogne he observed to me: "And to think that there is no place between Dover and Calais where any towered or spired English cathedral, planted at the bottom of the sea, would not rise above it!"

We talked of the recent Congress, over a section of which he presided, and he asked me if I had heard the question and answer: "What is Demography?"—"A thing to draw the public."

Homburg, for which we are making, coming up in the course of conversation, he remarked: "It struck me as very like the ordinary idea of heaven—a place where everything was very comfortable and where there was nothing to do!"

I have never seen the not very interesting bit of country which one traverses between Boulogne and Amiens look so well, the foliage being extremely abundant, and the meadows very green. Galton pointed out some little groves of poplars, and said that it was a custom with the peasants, when a daughter was born, to make a small plantation of these trees to provide her with a dowry.

18. Amiens has never been one of my favourite cathedrals, but no one could deny its right to be called magnificent, who did not take the view of Gothic architecture which was held by a countryman of mine, who described York Minster as "Spawcious but clumsy."

From Amiens we passed to Beauvais through a chalk country, not unpleasing, but with few marked features. The Cathedral, if considered merely as a fragment, deserves great praise; but consists only of transepts *plus* the highest choir in the world.

It had rained heavily in the early afternoon, but cleared later, and the evening was lovely. The very amiable little horse who took us from Gisors to Boury, and of whom his master said: "Muscadin est l'ami de tout le monde; tout le monde le caresse," had his own views about "Montagnes," and gave me ample time to gather the flowers which grew along the road. They were all common English ones, with two exceptions—*Eryngium campestre* and the, on our side of the Channel excessively rare, *Bupleurum falcatum*. On the descent which leads down to the village the cornflowers looked very bright in the evening sun, and the crop was luxuriant. The grandchildren of Alexandrine's peasants should have a good year.

The Cimetière was reached not long after seven. Mrs. Craven lies on the extreme right of the little enclosure appropriated to her family, her husband being next her on

the left. Olga and Madame de la Ferronays are in the centre, then Alexandrine, and lastly, on the extreme left, Albert. On the wall, behind the graves of the two last, are three inscriptions: "In morte quoque non sunt divisi"; "Quos Deus conjunxit homo non separet"; "Modicum passos ipse perficiet." The light was fading fast, but I was able to read the scene of 13th July 1847 in the copy of the *Récit* which I bought at Brussels in 1873.

From the Cimetière it is but a step to the house, which, not very long after I saw it in 1874, passed into the hands of M. Zendt, who married a Mademoiselle de Boury, and has the good sense to keep up the traditions of the family, which, although in possession of it for only twelve years, has made its name one of benediction in all lands. It was already almost night, but he acted as guide to the chapel, where Eugénie's organ still occupies its old position. It is now, however, out of order, and replaced at the "prière du soir" by a harmonium. The rooms are no longer in the deplorable condition in which they were seventeen years ago, but have had abundance both of money and care bestowed upon them. Thanks partly to this, partly to the trees being in full leaf, my verdict on the place would be slightly more favourable now than it was on 20th March 1874.

19. The line from Beauvais to Creil runs through a level country with a good deal of wet land, where *Spiræa*

Ulmaria was indeed, what it is called in Scotland, the "Queen of the Meadow." Poplars were more numerous than ever, and the willow tolerably abundant.

20. We slept at Liège. When I was last there, in 1865, I was occupied with other matters, and if I saw any of the sights, forgot them forthwith. St. Jacques, however, would be a noble church anywhere; and the pulpit of the Cathedral, where I heard a fine Mass, is as striking as anything of the kind can well be. Most of it is of wood richly carved, but round the base stand five very stately figures in white marble.

23. The Cathedral of Cologne gave me more pleasure than heretofore, mainly, I fancy, because I saw it by evening light.

The Drachenfels showed to advantage, standing out against a background of wild and angry sky. I greeted across the river our little house of Monbijou as we ran past Unkel, and many another spot which became familiar to us in the Autumn of 1865. At Frankfort, Clara had the Goethe Haus and much else to visit. I had not seen the Ariadne of Dannecker since 1844, and appreciated it much better than I could then.

Yesterday forenoon we reached Homburg, where I found Mademoiselle de Perpigna.

This morning I had a long conversation with the Empress Frederick. We talked, *inter alia*, of English

politics, of *Talleyrand's Memoirs*, of Carlyle's inaccuracy as historian, of E. Lavisse's book on the youth of Frederick the Great, and of two other works to which she also called my attention, one by Bourdeau on Socialism, one by A. Le Roy Beaulieu, on Semitism and Anti-Semitism.

24. At Homburg, however, all my plans were thrown into confusion by a telegram from my nephew, Aloys, just returned from Bavaria, announcing that his mother had died unexpectedly on the night of the 22nd. This intelligence made it necessary to start at 7 A.M. this morning for Weimar.

. . . . . .

26. My sister having expressed a wish to be buried at Lausanne, we left Weimar to-day. At the station I pointed out the Ettersberg to Clara, and as we drove through the town I showed her the Stadt-Kirche with Herder's Statue, so that having seen in the last forty-eight hours most of the other marked features of the place, she might fully appreciate the passage in one of my sister's letters to me, while in India, which is quoted in these pages for 1883, but which I repeat here:—

"Think of us on the afternoon of the 24th December. At four o'clock, as the red sun has sunk behind the Ettersberg and there is a last glow through the park trees, the great bells of Herder's Stadt-Kirche give the signal, and all the bells join. At that moment the *fleissige Hände*, that are nailing up the *Tannen-guirlanden* all over the house and decorating our ideal

wonder of a tree, stop work, and all listen in silence to the *Heilig-Abend-Glocken* with their memories and their promises of happy hours and days. The same bells tolled as Goethe was carried to his grave, and rang in Christmas for him and for Schiller in their happy times together—rang to call Luther to preach in the Stadt-Kirche on Christmas eve—rang for Jean Paul when he went to church on Christmas eve—for Karl August, for the Frau von Stein on happy Christmas eves, when Goethe came to her house to the *Bescheerung*—rang for Corona Schröter, when she sang on Christmas eve before the Court and Goethe. And when they are ringing again and you have this, I'll think of you!"

Her garden, so often mentioned in her letters, and the bells of Weimar were, Madame de Goldberg told me, amongst her latest pleasures:—

> "Der Mensch erfährt, er sey wer auch er mag,
> Ein letztes Glück und einen letzten Tag."

28. From Weimar we had to retrace our steps to Frankfort, whence we ran along, under the Odenwald, to Heidelberg, where Clara, who had re-read *Hyperion* aloud on our way up the Rhine, was fortunate enough to see the Castle on a quite perfect morning. I have been more than once in Basle, but have no recollection of ever having visited the Minster or the fine collection of drawings by Holbein and others. All I remembered was the multitudinous rush of the Rhine waters, which is, sooth to say, the chief charm to me of the large and prosperous place.

From Basle a journey of some six or seven hours took us to Lausanne, through the Val de Moutiers and past Bienne.

30. Yesterday we laid my sister in the Cimetière of La Sallaz, with the little girl whom she lost twenty years ago. The place looks much as it did when I was there with her in 1873, save only that the trees intercept too much the view of the Lake, and that the moist winds have a little discoloured the white marble of the cross which surmounts the monument. The name is still as it came from the hand of the sculptor, but the luxuriant ivy, to which my sister was so much attached, has made it difficult to read the inscription :—

"Es giebt keine Trennung ; Trennung ist nur Schein,
Und was Du ewig liebst ist ewig Dein."

At a moment like this, one is hardly perhaps in a mood to read it. "*Trennung*" seems to mean a great deal in a year in which I have lost so many.

The day was surpassingly beautiful, a great contrast to its predecessor, which was grey and sad. I attach the utmost importance to this, for she would have derived at all times the keenest pleasure from knowing that she would be laid to rest in a lovely place on a lovely morning.

31. My brother Ainslie, who had come to Lausanne from Delgaty, Clara and I, said good-bye yesterday to my nephews, as well as to Fraülein Jenicke, who accompanied

us to the station, whence we started for Pontarlier, ascending by very steep gradients to the French frontier, and passing, before we reached our halting-place, the junction with the line which I followed on my way to Neufchatel in 1871. The gorges of the Orbe are extremely striking.

September

2. At Pontarlier we were awoke between one and two on the morning of the 30th by a Jura thunderstorm, which must have been own brother to the Alpine one described by Byron in *Childe Harold*. The journey from Pontarlier to Dijon, which was dismally slow, was relieved, here and there, by fine views over the high upland plain, 800 feet or so above the sea, on which we were descending; and the edges of some of the fir woods were made bright by a tall graceful *Senecio*.[1]

At Dijon I rather admired the church of St. Michel. I did not see that of Notre Dame, but visited the Cathedral, in which a marriage was going on. The bride tripped and nearly fell as she came down the altar steps. I trust it will not be a case of

"Pes meus, offenso limine, signa dedit."

They have placed in the Museum the famous tomb

[1] The *Nemorensis*, they tell me at Kew, Sept. 8.

of Jean Sans Peur with his wife and that of his father, Phillipe le Hardi. There, too, I saw the bâton of Marshal Vaillant, and remembered Pellissier's answer to Houghton, mentioned in these Notes under date of 1st April 1878, when he asked what a bâton actually was: "C'est un morceau de bois, couvert de velours, et brodé avec des aigles, des abeilles, ou des fleurs-de-lis, selon les circonstances."

Marshal Vaillant's was embroidered with eagles.

We reached Paris from Dijon in two huge railway strides, the first taking us, without stopping, one hundred miles to Laroche; and the second, ninety-seven or ninety-eight, to the capital, where I saw nobody and did nothing except to pay my usual visit to St. Thomas de Villeneuve, which naturally enough closed, this morning, a journey of which "Sunt lacrymæ rerum" would be the only appropriate motto. In the course of the evening we were again at York House.

3. Enclosed in a letter from George Bunsen is an article by him on his father, written in connection with the ceremony which took place on the 25th ult., at Corbach, on the centenary of the elder Bunsen's birth. It contains a curious anecdote:—

In the year 1848, when the election of the Archduke John as Reichsverweser was announced, the Austrian Ambassador called upon Bunsen, and was at first greatly

surprised to hear him express satisfaction. Presently, however, with a clear glance into the future, the representative of the Hapsburgs said: "Aha! my dear colleague, you quite approve of the Austrian John, because he will one day be followed by the Prussian Messiah!" The Austrian statesmen of that day were not always either as wise or as witty.

Arthur returned from Vienna this morning, having left that place on the afternoon of the 1st. Since he was last here he has mastered Hungarian sufficiently to be able to read a newspaper, has travelled a good deal more in Austria, and has climbed both the Dachstein and Gross Glockner. The ascent of the second of these, though it rises to over 12,000 feet, is less difficult than that of the other, which is only between 10,000 and 11,000 feet.

6. Lady Alwyne Compton writes:—

"We spent some delightful hours in a garden in the Euganeans, made 300 years ago, and never neglected. I asked the old gardener how long he had been there, and he said 'Da che esisto, ed anche mio padre.'"

11. Mrs. Fairfax, who called here a day or two ago, mentioned to my wife that some one had told Lady Blanche Balfour that he had almost quite dropped the habit of prayer. "That is a mistake," she replied; "keep the frame and the picture will grow into it."

12. ——— writes:—

"Since making known my resolution never to seek a constituency, I feel like Sophocles in Plato's *Republic*, when he says to Socrates: 'Oh! I have long rid myself of that wild beast.'"

15. My conversation with Madame Tornielli, noted under date of July 15th, has sent me back to Schnitzler's study of Rostopchin, which has been for many years on my shelves. *Farceur*, monster and quasi-man of genius, with a strong dash of lunacy, he lived to deny, amidst almost universal incredulity, all connection with the deed which gained him a great, if sinister, renown, and to write his own epitaph in the following words:—

"Ici on a posé
Pour se reposer,
Avec une âme blessée
Un cœur épuisé
Et un corps usé,
Un vieux Diable trépassé,
Mesdames et Messieurs, Passez!"

18. Finished *Under Salisbury Spire*, a pleasant book, excellent in tone, in which George Herbert plays a great part. The author, Mrs. Marshall, holds the balance very fairly between the two parties in the great Civil War, and might almost have put, as a motto on her title-page, the lines of Faber:—

"Least for my country's sake may I regret
The fruitful angers, and good blood that ran
So hot from Royalist and Puritan,
Which in our very soil is red and throbbing yet."

19. Mrs. Shipley writes:—

"I have, however, come to the conclusion that the Tractarian movement is especially interesting only when it is concerned with Newman, and in this book this is particularly the case. All the others may be very worthy men, and as high above the average as Church thinks, but they fail together to make me care much about knowing them any better. Every line devoted to Newman sounds altogether a different note. Of course I cannot but think the conclusion disappointing. The movement really ended legitimately only as it ended for Newman. The entry of Father Dominic the Passionist is absolutely necessary, and any other conclusion may compare with a novel which ends without a marriage. Dean Church's appeal to the good work done by the Church of England since 1845 seems so inadequate after the high hopes of 1833, and is rather in the nature of a very lame ending to a passionate love story, when after violent protestations of affection the young people merely cool down into being very good friends."

20. Mrs. Greg told us at luncheon an amusing definition of a good foreign waiter—"One who knows our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking."

28. Returned to York House from Herds Hill, whither I went on the 25th.

On the 26th I drove with Mrs. Bagehot, Mrs. Greg, and Mrs. Barrington to a high point overlooking the field of Sedgemoor. The exact localities of the fight have not, it appears, been quite as fully ascertained as Macaulay's account of it would lead one to believe. A "Wild west wind," own cousin to the one which Shelley

has celebrated, prevented our exposed position being very long tenable.

Yesterday, however, was beautiful, and the garden with its two vistas, closed by the towers of Huish and Langport respectively, looked its best. This morning, too, was superb, and we utilised it by driving thirteen miles through a pleasant country, in which the orchard trees were almost broken by the weight of their fruit, to Glastonbury, where we visited the chapel of St. Mary, erroneously called that of St. Joseph of Arimathea, and said to occupy the site of the *Ecclesia vetusta*, the first edifice of the kind ever built in England. The ruins of the great church are much more considerable than I supposed, but I should prefer to connect the *Passing of Arthur* with Tregastel on the coast of Brittany—(see these Notes for 1877)—more especially if the little guide-book, which I bought at the ruins, is right in declaring that the island of Avilion means the island of apples!

29. Miss Smith, a young artist, came over from Kew to interview *Habenaria longicalcarata*, a ground orchid from Ootacamund, and to take her portrait for the *Botanical Magazine*—the floral apotheosis.

The Duchess of Albany gave away, in the large room of the "Star and Garter," the prizes to the girls of the school at Richmond which was opened some years ago under the auspices of the Church Schools Company. I took the chair and delivered an address.

October

1. I have just found, in a recent number of the *Banffshire Journal*, an inscription, of which I have long wished to have a copy. I remember reading it on a stone in the old house of Forglen, pulled down when I was a child. It runs as follows:—

"Do veil and dovpt nocht
Althoch thou be spyit;
He is lytil gvid vorth
That is nocht envyit;

"Tak thov no tent
Qvht everie man tels;
Gyve thov vald leive ondemit
Gang qvhair na man dvels."

In modern spelling they run:—

"Do well and doubt (*i.e. fear*) not
Although thou be spied;
He is worth little good
That is not envied.

Take thou no tent (*i.e. heed*)
(Of) what every man tells (*i.e. repeats*);
If thou would'st live unslandered
Go where no man dwells."

3. I have been turning over the pages of *Raikes's Journal*, at which I do not think I have looked for more

than a generation. Much of it is filled with dead politics, and with politics which were often very silly when they were alive. Mr. Raikes had, too, a strange fancy for encumbering his private note-books with accounts of murders, suicides, and the like, of which he might have kept a much better record if he had simply cut out and pasted into a book the narratives of such things to be found in the newspapers. There are, however, many entries which are well worth preservation.

I had forgotten that it was in this book that I read Talleyrand's remarks about Lord and Lady Holland. On the first his verdict was:—

"C'est la bienveillance même mais la bienveillance la plus perturbatrice qu'on ait jamais vue."

Of Lady Holland he said:—

"Elle est tout assertion, mais quand on demande la preuve c'est là son secret!"

I do not remember having read the following:—The Sunday before Louis XVIII. died:

"The officer on guard at the Tuileries came to him as usual in the evening to receive the parole and the countersign to be given to the troops. It is customary on these occasions to give the name of a Saint for the one, and of a fortified town for the other. Louis, with a significant look, gave 'St. Denis and Givet' (J'y vais)."

I certainly never lit before on the story of M. Bourblanc,

one of the first and most ardent partisans of waltzing at Almack's. He landed on a desert island with a boat's crew, and was there devoured by cannibals. When the news came to England he was much regretted,

"and a young lady has been heard to say, on observing an awkward waltzer: 'Quel dommage qu'il n'ait pas été mangé par les sauvages au lieu de ce pauvre M. Bourblanc!'"

There are many historical anecdotes scattered through the four volumes, to which might be prefixed the inscription suggested by Kinglake for a pulpit: "Important if true"—as for instance one about Bernadotte which was, it appears, told by Marmont to Lord Alvanley, to the effect that that acute personage was carrying on a correspondence with Napoleon through Marshal Maisons, during the campaign of 1814.

This correspondence, or part of it, came into the hands of the Emperor Alexander, who, sending for Bernadotte, when he arrived in Paris, taxed him with it. Bernadotte was inclined to deny that he had been in communication with the common enemy; but on being confronted with the documents, admitted their authenticity. The Emperor, telling him that as things had turned out, the adhesion of Sweden had been of essential service, burned them in his presence.

I am glad to have found the authority for the following, which I have heard quoted. Mr. Raikes says:—

"The other day Alvanley asked M. de Talleyrand to explain to him the real meaning of the word 'non-intervention.' His reply was, 'C'est un mot metaphysique et politique, qui signifie à peu près la même chose qu' intervention.'"

The whole of the journal which was kept in Paris, that is to say, much the largest part of it, reads like a commentary upon Prevost-Paradol's phrase: "The seventeen years' siege of the Government of July."

Lily and I went over to Kew to escort *Habenaria longicalcarata*, who was received with open arms. We found Dyer, who, since I last saw him, has been in Scotland, and was full of the marvellous growth of the American pines at Murthly, in Perthshire, as well as of the perfect tree management at Dalkeith, where a portion of the great Caledonian oak forest is still preserved. He took us to see a huge *Aristolochia*, one of the largest flowers in the world, which is now blossoming close to the tank of the *Victoria Regia*.

5. Miss Stephens sends me a note from Aubrey de Vere to herself, dated 29th September, in which, in reply to a question of hers about an anecdote told in a paper of mine on Faber, he makes an important correction in it:—

"What Wordsworth said of Father Faber was as you thought, that his perception of natural effects *exceeded* his (Wordsworth's)."

De Vere says also, speaking of the same paper:—

"It interested me extremely, and I thought that, taking into account the standpoint from which the author could alone have regarded his subject, the impartiality, the kindness and discernment with which he expressed himself were most commendable and remarkable."

In her letter, speaking of a common friend of ours, Miss Stephens says:—

"He may be narrow, but he always reminds me of the monk who, when some one made that remark to him, said: 'Yes, I have but one window; still that looks towards heaven.'"

7. Returned to York House from Highbury, whither we went on the 5th. We met amongst others George Brodrick, Lord Rayleigh, and Lord Pembroke. The first spoke with reference to a Fellowship examination now going on at Merton, of the remarkable amount of information possessed by the candidates. Their scholarship and general ability does not appear to be superior to those of the men who stood for fellowships forty years ago, but their erudition is much greater. Lord Rayleigh has been taking a good deal of interest in the Psychical Society, as well as in hypnotism and cognate subjects. A short time ago, having heard that Lord Lytton was extremely anxious to see Mr. Crookes, he arranged that they should meet at his house. Mr. Crookes held to all the statements he made many years ago about his strange experiences at

séances in the matter of table-turning and the like. We talked of the extreme difficulty of recording conversations in such a way as to make them agreeable reading for posterity, and it was remarked truly enough that Boswell had had no successors. Lord Pembroke mentioned that his sister, who married Mr. Gambier Parry's son, the great musician, had made a practice of recording conversations. He had never seen any of them, but was inclined to think that they would be good. My own feeling about conversations is that very few even of the most agreeable are worth recording as a whole. I, at least, only care to record the things which I should wish to remember and to repeat.

Lord Pembroke cited, too, a very happy saying about Gladstone, "that what he cared for was victory not success."

With our host I talked chiefly of politics, of Gladstone's probable place in history, of the next election and what would follow it, of our work in Egypt and in India, of Harcourt, Trevelyan, Goschen, Morley, and other leading personages on both sides, of Gladstone's attitude to Welsh Disestablishment now and a few years ago, of his Newcastle speech as to payment of members—what he meant when he used that phrase, and when he spoke of giving the Irish the control of their police.

Of course we visited the orchids both by day and after darkness had fallen, when they were illuminated by the

electric light. A great many were in flower, but not the one I should perhaps most have cared to have seen, *Cattleya Autumnalis vera*, which, long lost, has recently been recovered.

Altogether new to me was a gigantic *Anthurium*, which has been called after the lord of Highbury. The whole range of greenhouses and hothouses in which the plants are shown opens out of the drawing-room, so that in bad weather it is never necessary to go into the open air. Chamberlain is happy (?) in being, or in thinking himself, perfectly independent of exercise; but for most of us, who are not, such a winter garden would be a great convenience.

On the 6th we heard Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and on the 7th Bach's *Passion Musik*, according to St. Matthew's version. In the first, I liked best *Oh rest in the Lord*, and the cry of the priests of Baal. In the second, the effect of the tremendous choruses, or choral cries, as one might call them, was very great, and I found all the chorales delightful—some, as for instance, *Commit thy ways*, enchanting; but the recitative gave me little pleasure, and the arias were, to my uninstructed mind, little short of disagreeable.

Before we joined the ladies after dinner last night, news was brought of the death of W. H. Smith. Near the end of the first part of the *Passion Musik* it was passed from mouth to mouth that Mr. Parnell had disappeared from

the scene, and when we got to the station we found in the evening papers an account of the death of Sir J. Pope Hennessy. Sir James Longden, too, who was Governor of Ceylon during the first part of my time at Madras, has passed away.

Madame Renan writes:—

"Mon mari a bien mis à profit les mois de paisible existence dont nous avons joui cet été. Le manuscrit de la fin de son *Histoire d'Israël* sera terminé dans quelques jours, mais ce travail s'est étendu plus qu'il ne le croyait d'abord et il lui faudra deux volumes pour arriver à rejoindre la *Vie de Jésus*. Ils sont faits en manuscrits et ils paraîtront à un an d'intervalle environ. Le 4ième volume ira du retour de la Captivité de Babylone jusqu' à Macchabée et le 5ième, de la dynastie Asmonéenne jusqu' au volume 1ier des *Origines du Christianisme*. Puis, il y aura un *Index*. Sa santé soutient admirablement cet effort de travail, ou plutôt le travail est sa vie même. La vie de famille que nous menons ici lui est fort douce; nois trois petits-enfants grandissent sous nos yeux; l'air de la mer fortifie leur santé déjà robuste naturellement. Aussi la campagne Rosmapamon qui nous permet de goûter ces biens réels nous est-il devenu très précieuse."

8. I observe in Sir Henry Yule's *Glossary*, which I am studying a good deal at present, under the word "Isay" (the name given by the Chinese rabble to the British private soldier, from his habitual or supposed habitual use of that phrase) that the Javanese call the French "Orang deedong," that is, the people who say "Dîtes donc."

9. The legend of the epitaph mentioned in these Notes

for March 1883 is not so far wrong. I find this notice in Sir Henry Yule's *Glossary* under Chokidar, 1864:—

"The church book at Peshawar records the death there of 'The Rev. I—— L——l, who, on the night of the ——th, ——— 1864, when walking in his verandah, was shot by his own Chokidar,' to which record the hand of an injudicious friend has added: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant!'"

(See also Mr. E. B. Eastwick's *Panjab Handbook*, p. 270).

12. George Boyle writes:—

"The very pleasant days at Eden, in 1857, came back into memory when I read in Scotland that your sister had passed away. I do not think I saw her more than three times after that year, but I recall so vividly her bright beauty and her charming singing, especially of Basque songs, and the long and memorable day we had at Troup, when many and many a book and subject were discussed. I am afraid your intention of seeing her was not fulfilled. So gifted a creature should have had another lot had one ordered it and other things."

Returned to York House from Watford, whither I went on the 10th. Lord Henley called my attention to the appendix to Moltke's account of the Franco-German war, in which he confirms the story which I had heard, that in the middle of the great struggle at Koeniggraetz, when many people thought the issue still very doubtful, he had said to the King: "Your Majesty will to-day not only win the battle but conclude the war." On my way through London

I lunched with Frederic Harrison, meeting amongst others, Tricoupi, John Morley, and Arthur Arnold. The latter told me that the great American *entrepreneur*, who has just given Sir Edwin £5,000 to read his poems fifty times in the United States, had said: "The man it would pay me best to take over the water, if I could get him, would be Tennyson; there are more people who would pay ten dollars to see him than anybody else; next would come Mr. Gladstone, and then your brother." Conversation strayed to the debate which is to take place to-morrow in the County Council about the London water supply, and Arnold said: "I have made a calculation of the annual saving which would accrue to London in the articles of tea, coffee, and soap, if soft water, like that with which Manchester is supplied, were used, instead of that which we have got. What do you think it amounts to?" "I have no idea," I replied. "£3,000,000 sterling," he said. We spoke of Greek wines. Some of them were sent to Lord Palmerston, who, after trying them, said: "Now I understand what Pindar meant when he said 'Water is best.'" I had not seen Tricoupi since he was Chargé d'Affaires here, more than a quarter of a century ago, when Reay made us acquainted. We talked of the Greek Railway system, and I asked him if they meant to connect it with the Turkish lines? "We are very anxious so to do," he answered, "but they won't let us." "Why?" I enquired;

"for military reasons?" "Partly," he said, "for military reasons, but also because if Athens were connected with the European Railway system, the Piræus would be a most formidable rival to Salonica."

Lubbock's name being mentioned in connection with the County Council, Harrison told me that when it was proposed to throw some new work upon him, Acton had said: "No, no; he has quite enough to do with his ants and other relations."

20. M. Auguste Couvreur, whom we used to see frequently in the years that followed 1865, came down to see me to-day. Since we last met he has been Vice-President of the Chamber at Brussels, but has been out of politics for some years, though likely to stand again. His first wife is dead, and his present wife is an Australian of Belgian descent, who writes novels under the name of "Tasma."

We had much talk about things in Belgium, of which I have heard little since I was in Brussels, at the Easter of 1881. When talking of general politics he mentioned that the whole of the Bismarck catastrophe had been predicted to him three months before it occurred. He knew that the person who had made the prediction had exceptional means of information, and as soon as he got to Brussels put what he knew at the disposal of the Editor of the *Indépendance*, who, however, could not bring himself to believe it, and the conversation, which M. Couvreur had received full per-

mission to publish at the time, of course without his informant's name, was not printed in that journal till after the event.

22. I have been reading in *Nature*, for 8th October, a controversial paper by Maskelyne on the Koh-i-nur. He has no doubt that that diamond is the one which first appears in history in 1304, when the Rajahs of Malwa were overwhelmed by the generals of the Pathan Sovereigns of Delhi, and the treasure of Ujjein carried off. From the Pathans he believes it to have passed into the hands of Humayún, who took over the fortress of Agra for his father Baber. From the possession of the Moguls it was carried off to Persia by Nadir Shah, then seized by Ahmed Shah, and taken from Shah Sujah by Runjeet Singh.

The great Mogul diamond, on the other hand, which was given to Shah Jehan by the Golconda adventurer, Amir Jumla, he conceives to be now the property of the Shah, and to be the "Sea of Light" which I saw at Buckingham Palace in 1873.

27. Mr. Courthope has sent me, at my request, a copy of his remarkable verses, written as if they were a fragment of Spencer's third canto of *Mutability*, under the name of the *Chancellor's Garden*. They appeared some years ago in the *National Review*,[1] but I only heard of them quite recently. The Chancellor's garden is the garden my visit to which

[1] Slightly altered here and there (Nov. 11.)

have recorded in the month of July for this year, and the Chancellor is Canon Swayne. Here is the description of the rockery:—

"Beneath the northern wall, in happie nook
Warmed by the sun and sheltered from the wind,
Where he might easie come from bed or book;
He had of mountayn plantes all manner kind;
Such as with paines the curious searchers find,
Remote, on beetling crag, in deep ravine,
In clifts of western Andes some enshryned,
And some on heights of Himalaya green,
Or Jura's pine-clad rocks, or valley Engadine.

"There noble Edelweiss was seen to drink
From alien airs her hues of fadeless white;
With saxifrage, whose blossoms to the brink
Of parlous clifts oft tempt botanic wight;
Sundew, to whom the sunlesse noon is night
The bearded Harebell; and the Alpine Rose,
Adventurous climber of the rockie height;
And Soldanella, hardie nymph, who shows
Her modest bosom first above the snow.

"And there was seen the blue Forget-me-not,
Flashing through all her flowers Lake Leman's blue;
Matched with her peer Androsace, who shot
From many clustered blooms a rosie hue;
Fair Alchemilla peeped her mantle through;
And Dryas fair, with modest shining gem
In eight white petals sett, yet lowlye grew;
And Gentian of the snow, whose single stem
Gleams through the circling grass with sapphire diadem."

29. I have finished Trelawny's *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*—the one volume edition. The earlier part of the book adds little, save details of secondary interest, to what I knew before, but the last chapters are very curious, especially the part which records the author's adventures in the fortified cave on Mount Parnassus, which belonged to his brother-in-law, Odysseus, one of the worst of the many scoundrels whom the struggle with the Turks brought into prominence.

Trelawny sailed from Italy to Cephalonia with Byron, but was not with him when he died. The account he gives of the poet sent me back to Finlay's *History of the Greek Revolution*, which I have not looked at for many years, and to the character which that writer gives early in his second volume of

> "The pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
> Over his living head like heaven was bent,
> An early but enduring monument."

"The genius of Lord Byron," says Finlay, "would in all probability never have unfolded either political or military talent. He was not disposed to assume an active part in public affairs. He regarded politics as the art of cheating the people, by concealing one-half of the truth and misrepresenting the other; and whatever abstract enthusiasm he might feel for military glory was joined to an innate detestation of the trade of war. Both his character and his conduct presented unceasing contradictions. It seemed as if two different souls occupied his body alternately. One was feminine and full of sympathy; the other masculine, and characterised by clear judgment. When

one arrived the other departed. In company, his sympathetic soul was his tyrant. Alone, or with a single person, his masculine prudence displayed itself as his friend. No man could then arrange facts, investigate their causes, or examine their consequences with more logical accuracy, or in a more practical spirit. Yet, in his most sagacious moment, the entrance of a third person would derange the order of his ideas—judgment fled, and sympathy, generally laughing, took its place. Hence he appeared in his conduct extremely capricious, while in his opinions he had really great firmness. He often, however, displayed a feminine turn for deception in trifles, while at the same time he possessed a feminine candour of soul, and a natural love of truth, which made him often despise himself quite as much as he despised English fashionable society for what he called its brazen hypocrisy. He felt his want of self-command; and there can be no doubt that his strongest reason for withdrawing from society, and shunning public affairs, was the conviction of his inability to compress the sympathies which were in opposition to his judgment."

31. At High Elms, one of the guests at dinner was Mr. Dresser, the author of a very important work on the birds of Europe. He is engaged in the iron and steel trade, which claims some seven hours of his day for the city; but his mornings and evenings are given to ornithology. For one chiefly known by so peaceful a pursuit, his life seems to have been a very varied one. He began as a forest student in Baden, was sent to Sweden to master the language, with a view of his going into the timber trade, spent much time in Finland, lived long with my connections, the Morgans, in St. Petersburg, went out in charge of a cargo belonging

to a member of the present Government, and ran the blockade during the American War, joined a Texan cavalry regiment, and was the companion of the most dare-devil of trappers in the far West.

November

2. Returned to York House from High Elms, whither I went on the 31st.

Professor Marshall Ward, who is giving great attention to the small organisms which cause so much disease in plants and animals, told me that it had recently been ascertained that lockjaw is produced by one of them. This agreeable creature lives in the ground, and he cited the case of an unfortunate man who was thrown from his horse and had his knee cut, the result of the accident being that the *bacterium* got into his system and death ensued.

Another guest was Mr. John Evans who talked much of Etymology. I did not know that the word "bead" comes from "bede," a prayer; not *vice versâ*. He remarked: "I should like to know the full history of the word 'desire'; of course, like 'consider,' it is derived from the stars." I quoted Shelley's lines:—

> "The desire of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow,
> The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow."

Skeat, I observe, conjectures that "desiderium" may be the longing for the stars when they are not visible to us.

Mr. Webster, Lord Derby's agent, and a great adept in wood-craft, walked yesterday afternoon round the plantations with us. He said to Hanbury, who is at work on the *Flora of Kent*, that he suspected many Kentish stations for wild plants had been overlooked from their being in grounds not open to the public. *Apropos* of this he surprised me by mentioning that in the woods of Keston there is a very large patch of *Pyrola media*. I said that the review of Hanbury's work might be begun, as De Tabley proposed to begin one of Trimen's *Flora of Middlesex*—"This book is one trespass!"

As we walked, a bit of pine branch was picked up, and its being cut off was attributed to a squirrel. Mr. Webster looked at it and said: "The squirrel is often credited with mischief in which he has had no share; this little branch was half cut through by an insect, and the wind did the rest."

Evans told many good stories, but some of them were known to me before, and the only thing I care to add to my *répertoire* I owe to Hanbury, who mentioned that the Bishop of Wakefield had told him that he once heard a man say in a sermon: "Do not, my friends, let the world rob us of what it can neither give nor take away."

3. I have glanced through Trelawny's second book,

an expansion of the one mentioned a day or two ago, in two volumes, and like it, excellent reading. I do not remember having observed in the first edition this amusing conversation:—

"Shelley: Mary is under the dominion of the mythical monster 'Everybody.' I tell her I am of the 'Nobodies.' You have been everywhere; have you seen the ubiquitous demon 'Everybody'?"

"Trelawny: Yes, in Egypt: a harmless and most useful beast. The loaded camels of a caravan are piloted by a donkey. His head-stall is decorated with bells; he leads the way, and the docile animals follow, guided by the jingling. Without him they stray always. So you see the much abused donkey is not the most stupid of animals; 'Everybody' follows him."

I dined last night with the Literary Society, and asked Coleridge where he found the quotation which he used on the 31st ult., in his speech on unveiling Mat Arnold's bust, beginning with the words:—

> "That life—the flowery path that winds by stealth—
> Which Horace needed for his spirits' health."

"You don't know your Wordsworth," he replied; "it is from his poem on Liberty." I have looked it up this morning, and observe that I read it many years ago, for it is carefully marked, though I had quite forgotten it.

As we talked of this, Coleridge said:—

"Wordsworth was a very good Greek, and an admirable Latin, scholar. Do you know that he translated six books of

the *Æneid*? Only two hundred lines of this translation have been published; but it must be in the possession of his family."

Much later in the evening, conversation had wandered to a judge now deceased, and who was, when alive, by no means a paragon of wisdom. "I once said to M.," remarked Coleridge, "poor ———! do you see that his hands and feet are beginning to shake?" "Yes," was the rejoinder, "the weakness is spreading."

——— writing on the 31st says:—

"I am so glad of an excuse for writing on the eve of a day which I know you have much regard for. One can hardly wish anything better for one's friends than that, as the years go by, the thought of the Communion of Saints may acquire a fuller and more practical meaning."

Arthur's first letter from Stockholm gives an account of the principal members of the Corps Diplomatique there. One of them, I observe, bears the name of, but is not, Bismarck's biographer, the same of whom Lady Marion Alford said: "A good man needs no Busch."

7. Mr. C. N. Eliot came down to dine and sleep last night, fresh from the wilds of Central Asia. He left Petersburg early in June, and visited Bokhara, Samarcand, Tashkend, Margilan—now the Russian capital of those parts—Kokhand, and Osh. Thence he made his way to the Trans-Alai, and crossing the Chinese frontier, dined

with the Governor upon, *inter alia*, shark's fins and blue apples. He says that throughout he was extremely struck with the resemblance of the conditions of life in the districts occupied by Russia to what he had seen in India. The European population of Central Asia is becoming predominantly Catholic, thanks chiefly to the large number of Polish engineers who have found their way to that region. Amongst other subjects of which we talked were, the recent meeting of British and Russian explorers in the Pamir, the curious way in which Russian Ministers kept out of society, and the great difficulty sometimes experienced in seeing them, a difficulty rising to its climax in the case of Count Tolstoi, now dead, but formerly the most influential Minister of the Interior known for many years.

I happened to mention that Arthur had dined with the Emperor at Vienna. "I don't think," he replied, "that Sir Robert Morier ever dined with the Czar." He seems hardly ever to see the Ambassadors except on purely formal occasions; yet he gives innumerable interviews of two or three minutes' duration to all sorts of people.

Father English, who dined here, told me a story of a Jesuit Professor in Rome. He had been having a very sharp controversy with the Redemptorists, who follow St. Alfonso Liguori. The strife became so bitter that they published a pamphlet in which they said that any one who

held the views of their adversary must have the brains of a sheep. Shortly afterwards he appeared before his class armed with a dozen volumes, each of them the work of a great authority on the subject of the controversy—Suarez, and who not? As he read out of each the passages confirmatory of his own views, he laid the book down and pronounced the word "*Ovis.*" When he had finished the whole, he quoted the lines from the *Dies Iræ*:—

> "Inter oves locum præsta,
> Et ab hædis me sequestra,
> Statuens in parte dextra."

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace came down on the 7th, and spent yesterday here. We had much political talk, of which Russia had its fair share. No one had hitherto made clear to me the Russian case for the very outrageous series of measures improperly described as the "Expulsion of the Jews." When speaking of that subject he mentioned that the trade in ready-made clothes which used to centre in Vienna has now been transferred to London, and that it represents, according to his informant, a total of more than £5,000,000 per annum.

The Courthopes were also with us. My conversation with him turned largely upon education in connection with various papers which I am writing. He told me of a late Latin poet, by no means without merit, with whose works he

recently became acquainted. This was Rutilius. I looked him up this morning in Teuffel, and saw that his date was 416 A.D., and that his poem describes his journey from Rome to his estates in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, which had been ravaged by the Visigoths. He was an adherent of the old religion and bitterly hostile to Christianity, which he considered "worse than the poisons of Circe.

Finished in these last days *Une Exaltée*, by the Princess Cantacuzène Altieri—a striking story, with this merit amongst others, that it might be left on any drawing-room table.

16. Opened the new Course at the London Institution by a lecture on "Some of our Debts to the East," the object of which was to call attention to Yule's great *Glossary*, so often mentioned in these Notes.

17. Returned to York House from Mr. Frederick Hanbury's at Upper Clapton, whither we went last night after the lecture, and where I saw a great many of his treasures. He has been obliged to take a large part of an adjoining house to accommodate his collections. In one room of it are his own British plants and the huge Boswell-Syme herbarium, formed to illustrate the last edition of *English Botany*, and now Mr. Hanbury's property. The European non-British collections, at none of which we looked, are in another room. Among things quite new to

me were the gigantic *Senecio paludosus*, believed to be now extinct in England, and *Senecio palustris*, which has become excessively rare; *Polygala uliginosa* and *Polygala grandiflora*—the last only found at one station in Ireland; *Salix lapponum*, *Sagina nivalis*, *Selinum carvifolium*, with much else.

20. Yesterday, after attending the Council of Foreign Bondholders and that of the Hakluyt Society, I ran down to Guildford and took the chair at a Unionist meeting in support of St. John Brodrick. It was addressed by a variety of speakers: by St. John Brodrick himself, by Ralli, and various persons of local repute, but the star of the evening was Professor Albert Dicey.

Arthur Russell, who was to have moved the vote of thanks to me, was prevented by illness from being present, but Lady Arthur, Diana and Harold, who took a leading part in getting up the meeting, were all there, and I went with them to the Ridgeway, whence I returned to-day. I asked Lady Arthur at breakfast about the motto assigned by Mr. Shorthouse to the husband of the heroine of his latest book, *Blanche, Lady Falaise*, which is "*Je fais fort et je falaise*": this he translates, "I make myself strong and I persist." Lady Arthur had never heard the word "*falaiser*" at all, and neither in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* nor in Littré can I find any hint of its ever having been used except of the sea "breaking against

the cliffs." Even in that sense, Littré says that it is *peu usité.*

The owner of this strange motto is quoted as having delivered himself of a very sensible remark. Some one in talking to him about sending his sons to school had made use of the commonplace: "It would knock the nonsense out of them," to which he replied: "That it was just the nonsense he wanted left in."

21. Mrs. Bishop sent me, a day or two since, a prayer found in a book of Mrs. Craven's, and believed to be by herself. It is headed, "Prière pour une femme agée." I copy two sentences:—

"Vous avez envoyé sur la terre des âmes qui y sont restées bien peu de temps, qui en peu de jours fournirent une longue carrière. Pourquoi le temps qu'il me reste à vivre ne serait-il pas fructueux comme tant de jeunes vies que le monde a vu si vite finir et qui ont cependant exercé une si grande influence parmi les hommes?"

In a letter which Mrs. Bishop encloses is quoted a sentence of Augustin Cochin's:—

"La foi n'est pas la certitude aveugle, mais la certitude éblouie."

23. The Bernard Mallets, Mrs. Greg, Mr. Sydney Colvin and Mr. H. Seebohm, who have been passing the Sunday here, leave us. I asked Mr. Seebohm what had been his greatest prize in bird-nesting. "I went," he answered, "some years ago to the mouth of the Petchora river, which

flows into the sea opposite Nova Zembla, to try to get the eggs of five species which were unknown, or all but unknown. Of these I secured three, those of the Grey Plover, of the Little Stint, and of Bewick's Swan." He gave also a curious account of bird-nesting near the mouth of the Danube at the time when the melting of the snows on the Alps and Carpathians sends down the great river in flood, and inundates the lowlands for miles and miles. He has explored Parnassus for birds, visiting amongst other places the Cave of Odysseus, mentioned a few pages back, which is the haunt of one very rare species, and has had the good fortune not only to see the swallows, ten thousand at a time, descending on an eyot of the Thames, close to Maidenhead, to pass the night on their way South, but to see them mustering in equally great numbers on the coast north of Durban in Natal, to prepare for their journey North.

To the Geographical Council, Club dinner, and meeting. The first was very long, and we elected no less than seventy new members. At the second I had Mr. Littledale on my right. He is a great sportsman, and told me that he had recently shot the Auerochs in the Caucasus, where, unfortunately, it does not seem to be as carefully preserved as in the forests of Lithuania. The Paper of the evening was his, but it was read by Mr. Freshfield. It gave an account of a journey from Osh southward across the Pamirs,

Wakhan and Yasin to India. In the course of the evening I was introduced to Mrs. Littledale, who accompanied her husband, and told me that Mr. Howard Whitbread had begged her to assure me that the statement he made, when he was last here, that all the sunflowers in Siberia, where they are cultivated in large quantities, turned to the sun, was quite correct. Shortly afterwards he appeared himself to triumph over my discomfiture. I said that Mrs. Littledale's statement only proved that the sunflowers in that country had better political principles than mine, which share the innovating tendency of the age, and are very far indeed from being so observant of their legitimate ruler.

27. I was elected, a few weeks ago, President of the Kew and Richmond branch of the Association for the Extension of University Teaching, and yesterday afternoon delivered my inaugural address. I had mentioned to Sir George Bowen, who had been urging me to write to the *Times*, as he had done lately, on the subject of learning Greek as a modern language, that I was going to say something with regard to that matter, to which I have so often recurred during the last thirty years, and he said he would like to come down. It was arranged accordingly that he should dine and sleep at York House, which he left this morning.

I asked him which of his Governments had been the most interesting. He said: "I was in New Zealand when

the British troops were withdrawn in the middle of the war, and when the Maoris in the North Island, if they had all united, might have driven us into the sea, or at least have obliged us to confine ourselves to two or three towns." He then proceeded to give a very curious account of his negotiations with the rebels. One of the questions which had to be settled was, whether the Maori King should be attacked in his strongholds or not. A chief who had taken the British side said, pointing to a great tree round which the forest had been felled, and which was being killed by too much heat and light: "Oh Governor! the Maori King is like that tree; if you attack it with fire and axe it will fall upon and crush you; if you leave it alone, it will wither away and perish." Sir George took his advice, thinking it was better in every way to survive the Maoris than to fight them. Numbers are now overwhelmingly on our side—I think he said 600,000 against 40,000—and all danger has long vanished away.

Bowen was born in the year 1821, and once made a very apt use of that date. Talking with Li-Hung-Chang he discovered that that statesman had also been born in the same year, and remarked to him: "The reason is obvious; Napoleon died in the West that year, and to replace him your Excellency was born in the East." "Oh! but," replied the other, "they call me the Bismarck, not the Napoleon, of China; they say I have done as much for my country as

he has for his." Some years after this Bowen met Herbert Bismarck at Sir Edward Mallet's and told him. "I will write that," he said, "immediately to my father; he has the greatest admiration for Li-Hung-Chang, and will be delighted." The Chancellor wrote back in a day or two to say that "to have one's name used in such a way is real fame."

Conversation wandered to an anagram belonging to the year 1846, which I well remember hearing at the time, and which Bowen had seen stuck up on the walls of Rome :—

"Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti
Grati nomi amnistia e ferrata via."

Long years afterwards he mentioned to some of the people about the Vatican, when he was going in to have an audience of Pio Nono, that he recollected this, and they told him to mention it to the Pope, as it would please him. He did so, but the old man only said: "You have a good memory." I observe this anagram does not come absolutely right, though very nearly so. It is not as good as one which I always think extremely curious:

"Maria Stevarda Scotorum regina.
Trusa vi regnis morte amara cado."

29. Miss Gordon and the Frederick Hanburys with us. Conversation turned upon the neighbourhood of Breslau, and Mr. Hanbury gave a curious account of a visit to some

connections of his who live there. They are high Lutherans. Service began at nine on Sundays, and went on to one o'clock. Candles were always lighted on the altar on either side of the crucifix; at the communion the clergyman celebrated in a most elaborate chasuble, and, before receiving, every one went for a moment behind the screen to make a brief confession. It certainly could not be said of such people that, in the words of the famous old Scotch distich,

> "They ran sae far to get frae Rome,
> That they ran oot o' Christendom."

Yet they were scandalised by our English chants, thinking that they were a great deal too near the usages of the Lady of the Seven Hills!

30. Finished Lord Rosebery's *plaidoyer* for Pitt, which appeared a few days ago. The great minister might well be content to leave his fame to rest on the admirable lines in St. Stephen's, the best account of him with which I am acquainted.

December

2. Hübner, writing from St. Jean de Luz, on 26th November—his eightieth birthday—says:—

"In Austria, notwithstanding the (and perhaps in consequence of the) conflict between our different races, the Austrian feeling

and the veneration for the Emperor as the only man able to protect them one against the other and in the long run to reconcile them, is increasing remarkably. This is our 'Ancre de Salut.' And I think that, with all the noise of Tzechs and Slavs and Magyars, we are better off than people think, and certainly we are less infected by socialism than any other country of the Continent.

"In France the existence of the Republic of MM. Carnot Freycinet and Constans depends on a hostile division in the Corps Législatif. The day on which the Right is voting with M. Clemenceau, she is crushed. And what then?

"Russia is in a very bad situation; whilst they, the Russians, increase inordinately their army along the Austrian and Prussian frontiers, in their rear thirty millions of human beings are starving.

"Meanwhile, we are all arming. The fact is that the Continent is like a powder magazine, in which five good friends are sitting comfortably exchanging assurances of eternal friendship and smoking quietly their cigars. A spark can suffice to blow up *la boutique*."

3. Went up to London in the afternoon to see the Arthur Russells and Mdlle. de Perpigna, who is staying with them.

Soon after Lady Arthur's marriage she was sitting at dinner next to the first Lord Lytton, when the name of Sheil was mentioned. "Who was Sheil?" she said. Lord Lytton turning his cold grey eye upon her, replied: "Child, where have you been feeding your lambs?"

7. Yesterday, the finest December day I have ever seen in England, we passed at Normanhurst. Since I was last there, in 1875, the Brasseys have collected in all ends of

the earth, and the house is a perfect museum. Next to the stern ornament of the Bucentaur, when it last went out to the wedding of the Adriatic, I think I should have cared most to possess a huge Venetian looking-glass given by Louis XIV. to Madame de Maintenon, for its historical interest; and a magnificent pair of Chinese curtains for their beauty. The first Lady Brassey died some years ago, and the second was a daughter of Lady Malden, who was one of her guests yesterday, as was, amongst other people I had not previously met, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree. We were talking about Imperial Federation, and I said that I was entirely opposed to all attempts at Federal Constitution-mongering, but would do everything possible to make the position of the Colonies as agreeable as possible, letting them have nothing whatever to kick against. "You would not," said Lady Brassey, "leave them even a splash-board."

8. Mrs. Lecky mentioned that she had lately been at Pallanza, and had expressed her surprise to one of the ladies of the Queen of Roumania, that "her mistress should like to live amidst the noises of an hotel rather than in a villa!" The reply was: "Qu'elle aime entendre vivre!"

In the evening to Dr. Leeson's, hard by this house. A man came in with a very striking face, who turned out to be a Mr. Roberts, whom I met many years ago at Sir John Simeon's, and who was at that time, if my

memory does not deceive me, confessor to him or some of his family, but who now appears to have given up his orders and to have married. We had a great deal of talk, in the course of which he mentioned that Faber was incomparably more attaching to persons who were in his intimacy than Newman, whose extreme sensitiveness made him very difficult to live with.

He told me, too, that when Oxenham was in the Novitiate at the Oratory, he preached a sermon which produced the strongest impression upon Faber and some of the other Fathers. I was not surprised, for I always thought that he missed his vocation, which seemed to me to call him to be a great pulpit orator.

Have I ever noted what Faber said of him?—"That he had all virtues except the virtue of holy obedience," which was certainly true, for he was the most disputatious of men, and falsified the old saying, "that a man who loves argument for its own sake after twenty-five must be either a fool or have been bred at a Scotch University."

10. Returned to York House from Cambridge, whither I went yesterday to dine with Mr. Sidney Colvin at the Trinity Commemoration. The Master was ill, and his place was taken by the Vice-Master, Mr. Aldis Wright, whose acquaintance I made when we were living at 31 Piazza di Spagna, in January, 1867. Herschell sat on his right, the Bishop of Ely on his left, I was next the

Bishop, and Sidney Colvin on my other side. It was a large gathering—150 or thereabouts. Herschell and I returned thanks for the guests. I sat down with the story told on an earlier page of these Notes, about "Una tale birra," which no one seemed to have heard before, and which suited, of course, the *genius loci*.

Colvin said to me: "I once went to see the Professor of Archæology at Munich, who received me most warmly, but before getting to business, began his conversation with these words: 'Und wie finden Sie die Bier-Verhältnisse hier, Herr Professor?'" To Colvin, too, I owe the names which the Athenæum and the Senior United, ever fast allies, are supposed to have given each other. They call us, it appears, Bishopsgate; we them, Cripplegate. The Bishop told me that Lady Alwyne has been copying out of late a great many of the letters of his mother, Lady Northampton, who was brought up in the Island of Mull, which is hardly in the centre of affairs now, and was even more out of the world then. They are full, however, of knowledge, and show very extensive reading in several languages, Italian being one of them.

He had been very much struck with Whytehead's *Second Day of Creation*, to which he had been introduced by my Richmond Lecture of last year. Another poem of equal beauty, Alford's *Lady Mary*, has been a great

favourite of mine ever since 1845, five years before the other is first mentioned in my Diary, and is even less known than it. I have never chanced to see it in any anthology published since that date, nor have I ever heard it mentioned by any person except Charles Kingsley, who admired it enthusiastically:—

"Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun:
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun:
Thine eye was soft and glancing
Of the deep bright blue;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

"They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou had'st been praying
At thine hour of rest.
The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek;
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

"They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone.
And I saw thee when the winter moon
Shone on thy marble cheek,
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

"But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits
In the land of rest.
Thou art even as they took thee
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory that is on thee
From the Sun that shineth there.

"We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel
In the presence of the throne;
We shall see thee when the light divine
Plays freshly on thy cheek,
And the resurrection morning
Hath just begun to break."

But to return to Trinity.

The boys of the choir sang from time to time—the *Madrigal* by Thomas Ford, *Since first I saw your face*, being peculiarly charming. The Grace anthem, *Not unto us*, was also very beautiful.

Who was it told me a story about Bishop Stubbs? He was starting, I think, from Chester, when the station-master said to him: "How many articles are there, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find sixteen," answered the other. "Then you are a Dissenter," rejoined the Bishop.

13. Talked long with Mackenzie Wallace, who was one of our party to-day, chiefly about politics. Speaking

of the possibilities of the future in Russia, he called my attention to the curious way in which, ever since the days of Peter the Great, a rush forward has been followed by a tremendous reaction in that country.

14. I am amused to see in an evening paper a saying attributed to the last Master of Trinity, which is mentioned by Bacon in his Apothegms as having been used by Lord Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "*Bis dat qui cito dat*"—"If you will grant them speedily they will come the sooner."

In an American book called *Institutes of History*, I came to-day across a curious inscription, said to be on an old house at Wittenberg:—

"Gottes Wort, Lutheri Schrift
Des Papstes und Calvini Gift."

It was on an earlier page of the same book I lit on a saying about the Imperial Chamber when it sat at Spires, and was not less dilatory then than it afterwards was at Wetzlar:—

"Spiræ causæ spirant et non expirant."

17. Mrs. Temple, wife of the Bishop of London, said rather neatly at a Temperance Meeting, for which we lent the ball-room to-day: "If only people were as afraid of drinking wine as they are of drinking water!"

19. Mrs. S. Buxton writes of Cecilia de Noël:—

"I should like to know if Cecilia reminds you of Alexandrine?

That's the effect she has upon me. There is a description which brings Alexandrine—the later Alexandrine—specially into my mind, of Cecilia sitting alone in the firelight. Her interview with the ghost at the end is most inartistic, and verges on the ludicrous; but the picture on the whole is very good, I think."

The following is the passage to which reference is made:—

"Silence followed, broken only by the ticking of the clock and the wailing of the wind outside. Mrs. de Noël gazed into the fire with intent and unseeing eyes. Its warm red light softly illuminated her whole face and figure, for in her abstraction she had let the hand-screen fall, and was stroking mechanically the little sleek head that nestled against her. Meantime I stared attentively at her, thinking I might do so without offence, seeing she had forgotten me and all else around her. Once, indeed, as if rising for a minute to the surface, with eyes that appeared to weaken, she looked up and encountered my earnest gaze, but without a shade of displeasure or discomfiture. She only smiled upon me, placidly as a sister might smile upon a brother, benignly as one might smile upon a child, and fell into her dream again. It was a wonderful look, especially from a woman, as unique in its complete unconsciousness as in its warm good-will; it was as soothing as the touch of her fine soft fingers must have been on Tip's hot head. I felt I could have curled myself up, as he did, at her feet and slept on—for ever."

Colonel St. Leger, who dined here to-day, told me that his mother-in-law once bought a most charming lap-dog on the Pont Neuf. When she took it home, the little creature,

to her extreme horror, proceeded to run up the curtains. It was a large rat carefully dressed up. I had heard a similar story of a lady in Dresden, but was glad to hear that this case had actually occurred within the narrator's knowledge. So I was the other day to find that the famous story of the New Zealand chief, who being informed that he could not be received as a Christian while he had two wives, got out of the difficulty by eating one of them, was no fiction. Bishop Selwyn told Sir George Bowen that it was he to whom the promising convert applied, stating what he had done.

20. I showed Mrs. Barrington, amongst other relics, the autograph letter, mentioned in a previous volume, from Alexandrine to Montalembert. Surely no one ever received a more delicious scolding since Beatrice lectured Dante about the "pargoletta!"

"BOURY, JEUDI.

"Cher ami Montal, frère d'Albert.

"Ecoutez un mot de moi aussi et obéissez moi. Vous savez que vous avez dit que vous *crieriez* toujours, et que moi je vous gronderais toujours mais je veux que vous cessiez de *crier*—cela commence à m'ennuyer de vous voir toujours onner des coups de patte, jetter de l'ironie ou des reproches amers sur la maison de Bourbon qui du reste m'occupe fort peu—mais pourquoi êtes-vous si acharné?—Je suis et serai toujours toute franche avec vous—je trouve qu'il y aurait beaucoup plus de grandeur à cesser ces invectives—d'abord notre sainte Religion veut-elle jamais les invectives! Cessez donc une fois pour toutes de parler de

cette pauvre Restauration (quel bien cette ironie peut-elle faire?) ou bien parlez en une fois bien, longuement si vous voulez, mais modérément, avec justice, sans impertinence contre ceux qu' ils aiment, et contre ceux qui en sont victimes, car cela n'est pas généreux. Dites alors si vous le voulez, *pleinement franchement tout* ce que vous pensez du tort que la Restauration ou l'ancien régime (comment appelle-t-on tout cela?) a fait à la Religion, mais ayez la justice et la charité de croire d'abord et puis *de dire* que les intentions de ces pauvres gens étaient bonnes, pieuses mais étroites et imprudentes, soit, tout ce que vous voudrez, mais expliquez-vous une fois, en jugeant comme vous voudriez être jugé.

"Et quel poids vous donneriez à vos opinions en reconnaissant quelque bien, au moins de bonnes intentions au côté que vous critiquez et en disant seulement que vous trouvez un autre ordre de choses nécessaire pour la Religion et la France je suis sûre que vous rallieriez à vous plusieurs Royalistes et ne la voudriez-vous pas? faut-il vous rappeler le si vieux proverbe? On prend plus de mouches, etc., etc. Et croyez-vous que cela fasse plaisir à vos amis de vous entendre accuser de dûreté, de manquer de générosité. Ne pouvez-vous donc pas écrire la plus petite chose sans ces malheureux *coups de patte*, il y en a plusieurs jusque dans votre compte-rendu de l'Exposition. Vous avez tant promis à Pauline de rien dire dans votre dernier discours, de la *branche aînée* et il paraît que vous en avez encore parlée, car vous avez encore blessé plusieurs personnes. Pourquoi toujours *blesser*— je suis sûre que Dieu ne vous le demande pas. Et si ce malheureux sujet vous met l'injure à la bouche interdisez-vous ce sujet, comme l'homme colèré doit se retenir de parler et je suis sûre que ce silence ne vous fera que mieux servir Dieu et la France.

"Envoyez nous à l'instant même sous enveloppe ce dernier discours de vous—que nous l'ayons *après-demain*, Samedi, Mon bon ami voila ce que je fais pour vous et ferai toujours car comme votre excellent caractère vous l'a fait me dire c'est le plus grand service qu'on puisse rendre à ses amis de leur dire la vérité. Vous savez comme je vous aime."

23. Received from Sir Joseph Hooker, Volume 47 of the Third Series of *The Botanical Magazine*, with the following dedication:—

"MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—Let me claim the privilege of dedicating to you the 117th Volume of the *Botanical Magazine*, as a slight acknowledgment of the valuable services which you rendered to Botany and Horticulture when Under-Secretary of State, first for India and then for the Colonies, and latterly when Governor of the Madras Presidency; to which I would add, in memory of our long friendship, and our delightful rambles at home and abroad, in pursuit of our favourite science.

Believe me, most sincerely yours,

JOS. D. HOOKER.

"THE CAMP, SUNNINGDALE,
1st December 1891."

28. Our Christmas party broke up to-day. It contained amongst others, Miss Sorabji, and Mrs. Beaumont, who, when she last stayed here, was Lady Colley, but who married in the spring of this year Wentworth Beaumont, the elder brother of Somerset, often mentioned in these Notes.

Mrs. Beaumont quoted an amusing specimen of feline

amenity. Two young ladies were discussing the proper colours of the devil, one maintaining that they were black and yellow, the other something else. At length one of them closed the conversation by the remark, "I think you will *find* that I am right, dear!"

Miss Sorabji's delight in Oxford is most refreshing, and her conversation has brought home to me very forcibly the immense and almost wholly salutary change which has taken place in the University since I was an undergraduate. Of much that she told me about persons and institutions I make no note, but I may put down one or two amusing things. The girls at Somerville have a boat on the Cherwell, to which they have given the name of Urmila, which is the Sanscrit word for the lotus. The three reasons for this appellation mix up in delicious confusion the lotus of our Indian lakes and the lotus of the Homeric imagination. The first is "because the boat will be the most beautiful thing on the river"; the second, a reminiscence of Tennyson's *Lotus Eaters*, is "that its occupants are careless of mankind"; and the third, which comes from the same source, is "because it is always used in the afternoon." Surely the name of Necessity, which has been given, it appears, to some law-coach at Oxford, who is not strong in his subject, is old; and the story of the son of a man, who is a by-word for confused speech, having said to his father, "Pass me the parlour-maid,

mamma," when he meant to say, "Pass me the marmalade, papa," is a happy invention.

When we were talking of the wonderful way in which good sayings are furbished up and applied to new people, generation after generation, and how the mock pearls of history often pass current for real ones, Miss Sorabji told me that when a year or two ago there was a great correspondence in the papers about Jessie of Lucknow, she was taken by Miss Manning to see an old lady, a Madame C——, who admitted that the whole story was a romance, which had been invented by herself and published in a French paper.

30. Since I determined to comply with the wish of Maine's family that I should write a short memoir of him, a good deal of my time has naturally gone in reading, or re-reading, his books, amongst them his *Lectures on International Law*, his *Early History of Institutions*, and his *Early Law and Custom*. The last was published while I was in India, and I never saw it as a whole till recently, though I read portions of it when they appeared in various reviews. Like his other writings, it is full of side-lights on all sorts of subjects; thus in the midst of an elaborate discussion of the classifications of property, in Chapter X., we find:—

"Unquestionably the squalor and poverty which meet us on the threshold of the middle ages did not characterise the pro-

vinces of the Roman Empire, even on the eve of its fall. There can be no greater delusion than that the Roman provincials were pauperised by taxation, and M. Fustel de Coulanges seems to me to have quite proved in his last work that Gaul, at all events, even when swarming with barbarians, was still full of wealth and splendour. But no surer ruin can be wrought to the hoarded capital of centuries than by such an anarchy as prevailed on the relaxation of the Carolingian power. Lord Macaulay, in contrasting India as the English found it with the impressions of it entertained by European adventurers, has said that it is really a very poor country. But it is very difficult to believe this of so great an area of fertile soil crowded for ages by an industrious population. The true secret of the poverty of India, from which she is slowly recovering, I take to be the desolation caused by the wars and brigandage of about 2000 several chiefs, while the Mogul dominion was dissolving. I think that India during the reigns of Akhbar and Jehangir was very probably as rich as the Western World thought it, but its carefully hoarded capital was destroyed, as were the accumulations of the Roman Empire. There are some very singular analogies between the dissolution of the Mogul and the dissolution of the Carolingian power—to some extent in their course, but in a much greater degree in their social effects. These, however, cannot be conveniently considered here."

APPENDIX

Address delivered at the High School, Oxford, on 23rd May 1891.

A GREAT deal has been done in these days under the flag of the "Emancipation of Woman," and much has been done well. It is desirable, of course, that women should, if they so please, have the same means of instruction, in most subjects, as men, and should be able to enter all careers for which they are really fitted. Now, however, that we have had not only Girl Graduates, but Girl Senior Wranglers and Girl Senior Classics, woman may, perhaps, have had enough of glory, and may relapse into considering what is likely to make for her happiness.

When she has done so, she will probably come to the conclusion that while it is most reasonable and proper that some women, who have special aptitudes, should enter one or other of the professions, many more should devote themselves to the most ancient and respectable of callings, to being, that is, the sisters, wives, and mothers of men.

However far-reaching may be the ambition of some of you—and I trust it *is* far-reaching—you would hardly wish, I presume, to have a nobler epitaph than the noblest which has hitherto been written for any of your sex—

> "Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death! ere thou hast slain another
> Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

In these six lines is summed up all that men desire to find in women—Goodness, Beauty, and Intelligence.

As to Beauty, I will say nothing, except to recall to you the wise words of a man who said more eloquent things than wise ones, M. Victor Cousin: "Adorez la grâce mais ne la séparez pas trop de la force."

As to Goodness—it appears to me that those whom I address have more opportunity of becoming good than has perhaps ever fallen to the lot of people similarly situated in other respects. I think so for this reason: that never has there been a time, at least in Northern Europe, when goodness was anything like so closely associated with all that is most beautiful in literature, in architecture, in music, in painting, in everything that, next to itself, most raises and embellishes life. And in this City it would be unpardonable to forget that you owe the fact that you stand, in this matter, on a plane totally different from that on which your predecessors stood seventy years ago, to the efforts of a group of Oxford men. True it is that they began their efforts possessed with the strangest political and historical illusions. They pursued, at the beginning, some of the queerest Will-o'-the-Wisps which ever attracted the attention of able men. Thanks, however, to a long series of events, which they did not foresee, but which would not have come about without their initiative, you find yourselves in the favourable position which I have described.

Just imagine what the result would have been if the new ideas about History, Science, Hebrew literature, and what not, which are becoming the common property of all educated persons, had found themselves face to face with nothing better than the ghastly theories and grim practices of Puritanism. The work of these men, while it had no sort of effect in shaking the important political and other results of the Reformation, got rid of a large portion of the mistakes which were made in the Sixteenth

Century, and enabled men and women, who do not mistake cloud castles for impregnable fortresses, not only to accept, but strongly to support, some institutions which have been found very conducive to goodness, as to which they would have been obliged to take a quite different attitude if these had not been bathed in the golden light of poetry.

I have spoken of Beauty and Goodness. I come now to Intelligence, by which I mean the possession of bright wits, stimulated, not exhausted, by early mental effort, together with the command of the intellectual instruments necessary to your position in life, and the power of giving some sort of rational answer to three questions, two of which I have borrowed from Mr. Ruskin—

"Where are you?"

"What are you?"

What had you better do under these circumstances?

With a view to preventing your faculties being injured by any premature strain, I would—with the permission, of course, of the learned and excellent persons who form the Council of this Institution, some of whom, I am proud to say, are my intimate friends—sweep out of your *curriculum* all those things which have come into it "from a corrupt following" of the detestable methods by which it is usual to mis-educate boys. I would abolish, in the first place, all teaching of arithmetic, except in so far as those rules are concerned which you will have to use more or less every week of your lives; but I should insist upon your becoming supremely proficient in these.

In the second place I would prohibit the teaching of any mathematics to any girl as a part of her *general* education, leaving it free to those, who had a fancy that way, to learn all the mathematics they pleased as an extra subject.

In the third place I would banish all learning by heart, except of things which it is desirable and probable that you

should remember to your dying day; but insist that what was once learned should be retained to the end of school life, and should become, as it were, part of your minds.

In the fourth place I would forbid the use of any large English grammar, reserving all serious grammatical teaching for tongues which have a more elaborate grammar than our own.

In the fifth place I would keep the study of Latin, no less than of Greek, as a reward for those girls only who showed that they possessed a real literary turn.

By this root and branch policy a good many hours during every year would be gained, some mental strain would be saved, and room made for some things too often overlooked but which should form part of all General Education.

I come now to the studies which are necessary as instruments for the lives you have to lead. Under that head I class all the common inevitable things, such as reading—including reading aloud, to which I attach immense importance; writing, by which I mean the writing of a large, clear hand—if a pretty one, so much the better; a sufficient amount of drawing for purely practical not artistic purposes; arithmetic with the limitations I have stated; the power to write a clear, simple, narrative style; a sufficient knowledge of book-keeping to enable you to understand common, not of course difficult or complicated, accounts; plain needlework and cooking.

After these inevitable things would come a sufficient knowledge of French to make it easy for you to read an ordinary French book, and the same power with regard to German. The more colloquial acquaintance you can have with these two languages the better; but I have no means of knowing what amount of facilities you have here for acquiring that.

I may be asked, however, Should no studies be introduced for the special purpose of training the reasoning faculties? Of course they should; but we should train the reasoning faculties

for the purposes of the life the persons trained will have to lead amidst human circumstances, not abstractions. The instruments I should use are some short treatise on logic (I have known that of Jevons studied with interest by an intelligent girl), and some good law book. If some of the distinguished jurists in Oxford cannot suggest a work which is quite suitable, one might, I should think, be easily drawn up.

Of music and of drawing I should like every one of you, who has the slightest turn for either, to learn enough as part of her General Education to enable her to enjoy, as much as it is in her nature to enjoy, the work of others. Of course the training of girls who desire to become in any degree musicians or artists lies quite outside my present subject.

All these things of which I have hitherto spoken are mere instruments, to be used for the ordinary purposes of life, or for acquiring knowledge.

I pass now to the definite subjects of knowledge which should be acquired for their own sake, with a view to helping you to answer the three questions I have spoken of.

The first of our faculties to awaken are the observing faculties. I hold accordingly that it is to them that care should first be directed. By what science they should be cultivated must depend upon surrounding circumstances. Botany will perhaps be often the most convenient, but it matters little which is taken, provided the pupil's mind is, in the words of one of the greatest masters of style amongst us, "startled into sharp and eager observation." When interest in the external world has been excited, the next object should be to concentrate it on the immediate neighbourhood of the place of education. Thence attention should be called to ever wider and wider circles till a real curiosity has been acquired about what the Germans call Earth-knowledge.

By Earth-knowledge I mean Geography in its broadest and

fullest sense; that is to say, a large and continually increasing acquaintance with the great theatre of the world in which every one has to play his or her part. Geography so understood is as far as possible from being a wearisome catalogue of names. It is the science of sciences, in that it gathers up and orders the results of all other sciences, in so far as they bear up the conditions under which man lives.

The second question which I said it was desirable you should be able to answer was—"What are you?"

In order to answer that, you must know something about your bodies and something about your minds. If you would know about the first, you must have *some* (of course only a very general) acquaintance with physiology.

In order that you may understand your minds, the best way is not to proceed by introspection, which leads to very little, but by the study of the minds of others; and this is best done by the reading of history, by the reading of poetry, and by the reading of the great masters of fiction.

First, as to History. It stands to reason that as no one can attain at school any large knowledge of history, all that school teaching can do is to create an interest in the subject and to furnish a map of the country hereafter to be traversed. How then should this be done?

In three ways. First you should get at school a clear outline knowledge of the course of human history, so that you may have some sort of notion of the sequence of events, "*may know your centuries*" in fact. I should like that it should be impossible that any one could say about you what a famous statesman is reported to have said of his deceased wife—"Yes, she was a bright creature; she lived wholly in the present, she thought nothing of the future, she knew nothing of the past. I discovered that she could not tell whether the Greeks or the Romans came first."

Secondly, a fuller, but still merely general, knowledge of English history should be added, at school, to your outline sketch of the History of the World, such a knowledge as could be obtained from any one of several well-known books by Oxford men; and in connection with them should be studied some such elementary work as Mr. Arnold Forster's *Citizen Reader*.

Thirdly, I should like to see you supplied, by your school authorities, with a list of biographies which you might read at home for the purpose of stimulating your interest in various periods of history. The getting up of particular periods, now so common, belongs to a totally different order of studies, of which I am not treating.

Then as to Poetry. All the highest poetry is, as has been well said, a criticism of life; and the more you can get imbued early with a love for what is best in it, the more likely are you to form true and sane ideas about the end and aim of your being.

The same may be said, to a large extent, of the great masters of fiction. You cannot read much of them as part of your school-course, any more than you can read *much* poetry; but it is within the province of a school like this to guide your home reading, besides giving you direct teaching in literature.

As to the third question—What you had better do? The main object of your reading, as of the whole of your education here and elsewhere, should be to "see life steadily and see it whole"; the formation of a pure and lofty standard of conduct; the cultivation of the affections, and the direction of them towards good objects in your homes, at school, and in the world, for which your life here is merely a preparation. All the influences brought to bear upon you here should—as I doubt not that with so admirable a directress as Miss Soulsby they do—converge to that end, and I need not dwell further upon it than to say that I think the attainment of a pure and lofty

standard of conduct will be materially aided, while many side-lights will be thrown upon your historic and literary studies by an intimate acquaintance with one or two books which I may mention. I think the following should be in the library of every one of you when you leave school :—

The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, in Mr. Long's version.

The Imitation.

The *Oraculo Manual* of the Spaniard Balthasar Gracian, supremely translated into German by Schopenhauer.[1]

The *Pensées* of Joubert; and one other book to which I shall allude before I sit down.

I say nothing about direct religious instruction, because that is a matter which depends upon the views of your parents, as to which I have no information.

There are subjects without end which girls, who happen to have a turn for them, might study with the greatest propriety, of which I have not said a word. I cannot too often repeat that I am talking merely of the studies which should form part of General Education.

As to how you should proceed to cultivate yourselves after leaving school, everything depends upon your tastes and your circumstances. Some of you will go to either of the two great institutions in this place, or to the sister ones at Cambridge. It would be an absurdity on my part to address any advice to such persons. They have access to incomparably better guides than I can pretend to be. There are, however, a great many girls here and in similar schools who do not intend to go to these institutions, but who desire to continue their education in a more or less systematic way, at least until they marry, and

[1] Now to be read in an admirable English version by Mr. Jacobs, 1901.

who are quite aware that in a less systematic way it should go on all through life. To such I may venture to give one or two hints.

If you are ever tempted to regret that you have not had the advantages which fall to the lot of those young ladies who can pursue their education at Colleges and Universities, remember that no man, not a candidate, and a highly deserving candidate, for Bedlam, would ever care what degrees or other honours his wife had or had not taken; but that every man, worth marrying at all, would like to be able to say of his wife, that to have loved her was a liberal education.

Never continue to read any book which you find quite uninteresting merely because you think you ought to finish it, since, for all the good it will do you, you might just as well employ your time in dropping stones over the parapet of Folly Bridge.

Consider that all intelligent persons whom you come across are your natural prey. Your own tact will lead you to see how they can be made use of for your education in a manner that may not only be convenient for you, but agreeable to them. "Make teachers of your friends," said the wisest of men.

Travel as much as you can, and if you cannot travel extensively travel intensively, that is to say, "get up" thoroughly your own neighbourhood in its different aspects. Find all the plants, know all the rocks, learn all about the animals, all about the archæology, all about the history of the country within a radius of ten miles from your own homes.

Acquire the habit of making notes of all interesting things you see, hear, or read, and do not let the notes lie dormant, but recur and recur to them till they have become a part of yourselves.

Make within the first month of leaving school a list of every book you can remember to have read, and then keep the list up

by entering each book you read. Never read books merely because people are talking about them; let them "blow over," as Lord Dudley—I mean the Statesman of that name—said. Read novels freely, but let them be really good novels—novels which time has sifted out of the mass. There are far more such than you will be able to get through, even if you live to be as old as the "many-wintered crow."

Without entering on the large subject of what is and is not the legitimate object of Art, it will be a sufficiently good working rule for you not to read any contemporary novel, however clever, which is devoted to the portraiture of evil things and persons, even although the writers may take credit for the highest motives. I am not at all sure that more harm is not done by that kind of would-be moral teaching than by people who are frankly vicious. Anyhow, you had better pass such things by, remembering the exhortation, "Fille du ciel, sécouez votre robe."

Do not be put off any study merely because people about you discourage it. If you are happier working out mathematical problems or wandering in the mazes of metaphysics than you are at other times, for heaven's sake give up every moment you can properly spare to mathematics and metaphysics. If you do not care about poetry, do not force yourself to read it; but if you do, make it a serious study—saturate yourself with it.

Remember that to live a great and beautiful life is a far higher achievement than anything that can be done in life save by the very rarest genius. Nothing is commoner in our day than to see girls with a pretty little turn for painting, or music, or some other Art, pining to be Artists, with a big A, anxious to emancipate themselves from all the duties of their position and to spend their lives in these pursuits. By all means let them, if they are likely to do more in painting or music than any woman has done yet; but if not, the game is

hardly worth the candle. There will be always people enough to be specialists who must make their living by their specialties. Let those who can afford it cultivate a sense of the proportion of things, and use Art, Science, Literature, and indeed everything else, only as aids to the living of the fairest lives which can be led under the circumstances of their age and country.

Lastly, have an ideal, but "rather to emulate than to imitate."

On the 25th June 1883, a friend, then seventy-five, wrote to me:—

"I wish I could be as sanguine as you are as to the state and *real* progress of the world. But against that, what wild and senseless views and aspirations and distractions. I see clearly where progress and transformation can take place, but also where human nature has already done its best. There is not, it seems to me, to be in the future any greater moral beauty, or indeed physical beauty, than has already existed; and Art, also, I believe, has long before now reached its limit of perfection."

The author of those sentences had a good right to say what she did, for she had lived amidst all that was best and most brilliant in the Europe which is expiring with the expiring century; and had stored up its expressed essence for everlasting remembrance in the *Récit d'une Sœur*.[1]

But the old order changeth. Creation has widened on man's view during the last forty or fifty years, as it never did before in so short a space of time. Millions of relevant facts have been discovered, and theories, which were either unknown, or the

[1] Never better characterised than it was the other day by the Vicomte de Meaux: "Qui ne connait, qui n'a relu souvent le *Récit d'une Sœur*, cette histoire véridique qui débute comme un roman, le roman le plus pur et le plus passioné, tout ensemble, et s'achève comme une pieuse et mystique légende, ce chant d'amour, de douleur, et d'espérance, ou tour à tour la vie paraît si belle et la mort si radieuse?"

property only of a stray philosopher here and there, towards the end of the first half of this century, have become necessary bases for the lives of all reasonable people. You will have to make your own ideal, and in doing so your object must be to incorporate all that was best in the old with all that is best in the new.

It is not a light task, but it is not an impossible one, for all truth and all beauty are, somehow or other, reconcilable; and in this reconciliation the influence of women will be of enormous importance. It was not for nothing that the three mightiest poets the world has seen, since the great vision of the Madonna floated into the ken of humanity, agreed in giving the same place to their influence. That influence is the key to the poem of Dante. Everyone knows that the heroines of Shakespeare are far superior to his heroes, and I need hardly remind you of the last words of Faust:—

"Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniss
Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird's Ereigniss
Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist es gethan
Das Ewig-weibliche
Zieht uns hinan."

Your work, God knows, will be none of the easiest, if you are to make your lives as beautiful as those described in the *Récit d'une Sœur* without ignoring any of the new truths that have been definitely acquired for humanity. But the thing has got to be done, and I believe it will be done. You and your contemporaries have till the middle of next century to do it, and that is a good long while. I only wish that after I have left this sublunary scene it could be arranged that I might come back every ten years, say for three weeks, just at this season, when the lilac, laburnum, and wild hyacinth are out, to see how you are getting on.

INDEX

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